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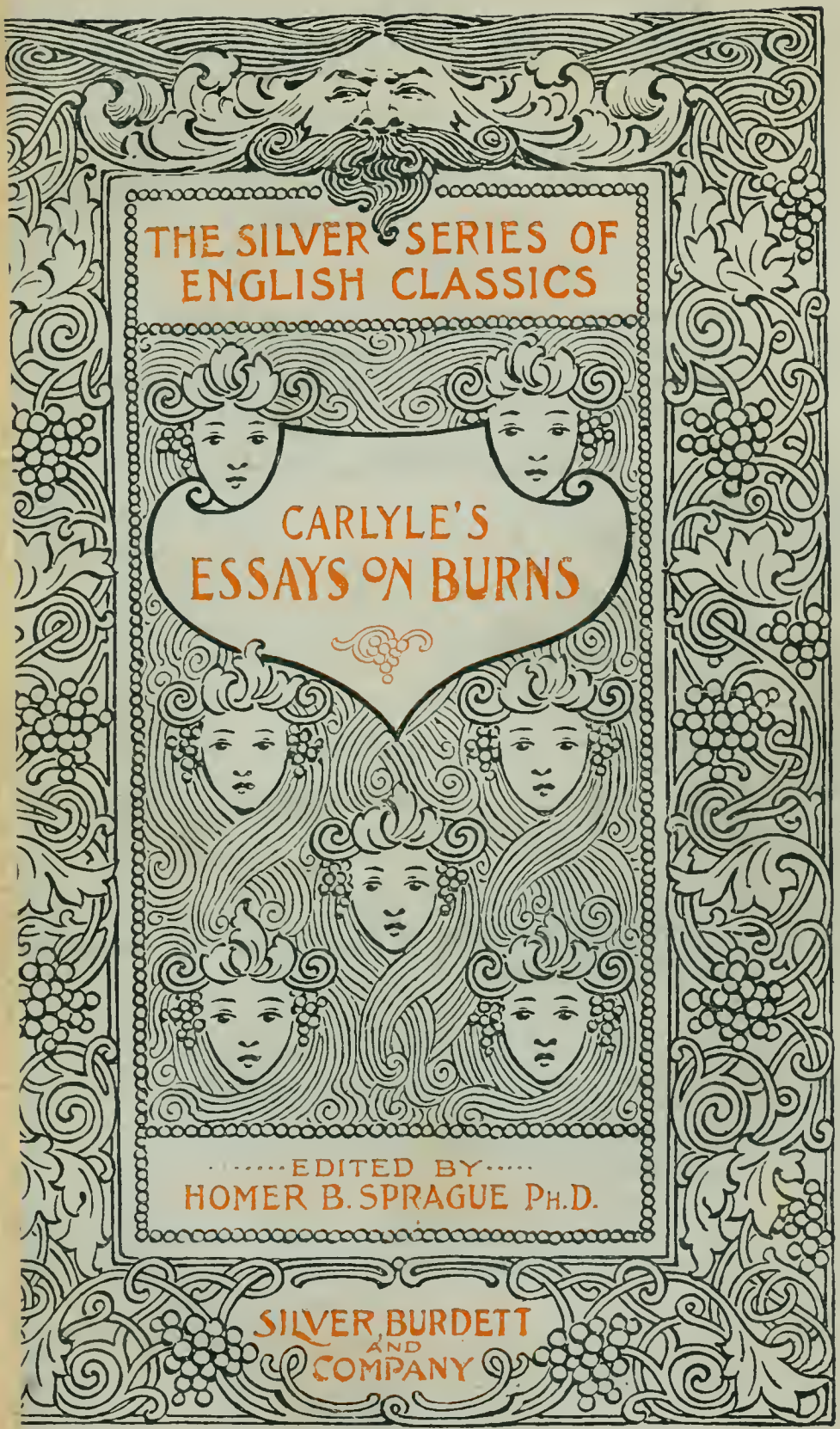
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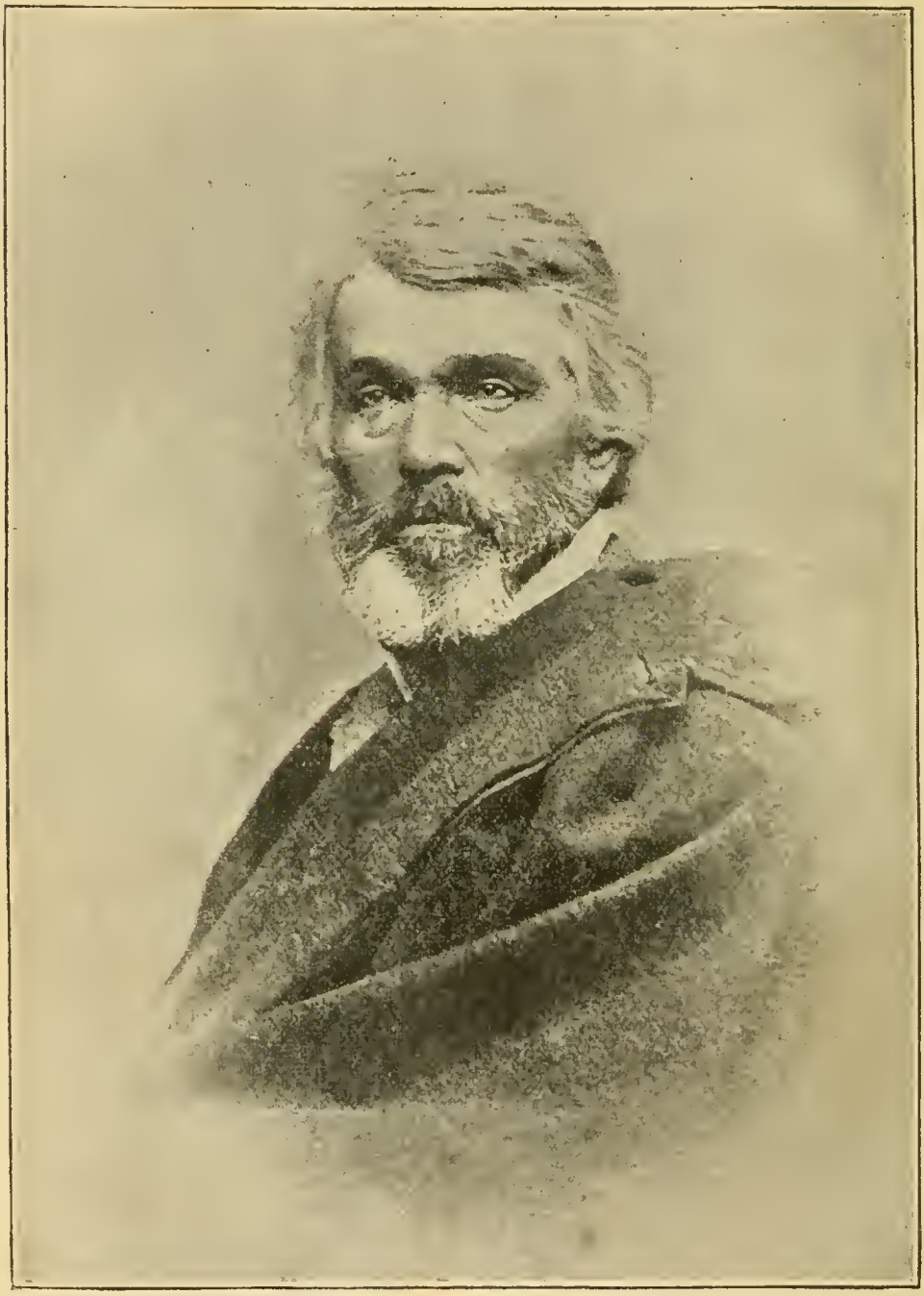

THOMAS CARLYLE.

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ESSAY ON BURNS

EDITED WITH INTRODUCTION, NOTES, AND CRITICAL COMMENTS

BY

HOMER B. SPRAGUE, A.M., PH.D.

FORMERLY PROFESSOR OF RHETORIC IN CORNELL UNIVERSITY, AND PRESIDENT OF THE STATE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH DAKOTA; EDITOR OF "MASTERPIECES IN ENGLISH LITERATURE," "STUDIES IN ENGLISH CLASSICS," ETC.

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THE SOWER'S SONG.

By Thomas Carlyle.

Now hands to seed-sheet, boys,
We step and we cast; old Time's on wing;
And would ye partake of harvest's joys,
The corn must be sown in spring.
Fall gently and still, good corn,
Lie warm in thy earthy bed,
And stand so yellow some morn,
That beast and man may be fed.

Old Earth is a pleasure to see
In sunshiny cloak of red and green;
The furrow lies fresh; this year will be
As the years that are past have been.
Fall gently and still, etc.

Old Mother, receive this corn,
The seed of six thousand golden sires:
All these on thy kindly breast were born;
One more thy poor child requires.
Fall gently and still, etc.

Now steady and sure again,
And measure of stroke and step we keep;
Thus up and thus down we cast our grain;
Sow well, and you gladly reap.
Fall gently and still, etc.

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The Silver Series of English Classics is designed to furnish editions of many of the standard classics in English and American literature, in the best possible form for reading and study. While planned to meet the requirements for entrance examinations to college, as formulated by the Commission of American Colleges, it serves a no less important purpose in providing valuable and attractive reading for the use of the higher grades of public and private schools.

It is now generally recognized that to familiarize students with the masterpieces of literature is the best means of developing true literary taste, and of establishing a love of good reading which will be a permanent delight. The habit of cultured original expression is also established through the influence of such study.

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the essay, is shown in the Introduction the difference between the oratorical and the essayistic style.

After this, Burke's "Speech on Conciliation" is treated in a similar manner, the essential principles of *forensic* authorship being set forth.

Again, De Quincey's "Flight of a Tartar Tribe" — a conspicuous example of pure *narration* — exhibits the character and quality of this department of literary composition.

Southey's "Life of Nelson" is presented in the same personal and critical manner, placing before the student the essential characteristics of the *biographical* style.

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With the same thoughtfulness for the student's progress, the appended Notes provide considerable information outright; but they are also designed to stimulate the student in making researches for himself, as well as in applying, under the direction of the teacher, the principles laid down in the critical examination of the separate divisions.

A portrait, either of the author or of the personage about whom he writes, will form an attractive feature of each volume. The text is from approved editions, keeping as far as possible the original form; and the contents offer, at a very reasonable price, the latest results of critical instruction in the art of literary expression.

The teacher will appreciate the fact that enough, and not too much, assistance is rendered the student, leaving the instructor ample room for applying and extending the principles and suggestions which have been presented.

INTRODUCTION.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

It is not our purpose to write a biography of Carlyle. Each student should make an outline of it for himself. We give here merely a few facts and hints.

Thomas Carlyle's early environment somewhat resembled that of Robert Burns.

His father was at first a stone mason, and afterwards a small farmer. His mother was a painstaking woman, devout and sweet-souled. Both were very intelligent, very conscientious, and terribly in earnest. Hard work, plain living, and high thinking were cheerfully accepted as their Heaven-ordained lot. Thomas inherited that intensity which Coleridge makes a prime element in genius.

At the parish school, while yet a child, he displayed extraordinary precocity. At the Annan Grammar School, which he entered at eight, he could translate Virgil and Horace with ease.

Entering Edinburgh University at fourteen, he seemed an embodiment of the intellectual force which he ever afterwards worshiped. He distinguished himself in mathematics, but he never liked the curriculum. He spent his time mostly in the library, and finally left without graduation.

Like Milton, he had been destined by his father to the ministry. "And so," he says, "I entered into my chamber and closed the door, and around me there came a trooping throng of phantasms dire from the abysmal depths of nethermost perdition. Doubt, Fear, Unbelief, Mockery, and Scorn were there; and I arose and wrestled with them in agony of spirit."

Quitting the University, he engaged for some years in teaching; but he was ambitious, and his heart was elsewhere.

He became fascinated with the German language and literature. In 1824 he received £180 for his translation of "Wilhelm Meister."

His marriage in 1826 to Jane Welsh, whom he had taken "by storm," was on the whole fortunate. But they were never blest with children, and so never experienced the sorely-needed, sweet, refining, harmonizing influence of the presence of little ones.

They lived first at Comely Bank, Edinburgh; but, just as Carlyle was beginning to acquire a reputation, they removed to "the loneliest nook in Britain, six miles from any one likely to visit"[1] them. His wife's small property sufficed to support them in a frugal way. Here he wrote his famous "Sartor Resartus."

After six years at Craigenputtoch, the long-felt need of access to libraries induced him to move, in 1834, to the great metropolis. He resided during the rest of his life in Cheyne Row, Chelsea. The humble old-fashioned house is still a shrine for literary tourists.

[1] Letter to Goethe from Craigenputtoch, his wife's estate.

More than Sir Walter Raleigh, he could "toil terribly," as the many productions of his tireless pen abundantly testify. His genius and industry at last compelled universal recognition. His election in 1865 as Lord Rector of the University of Edinburgh was an honor that might well have satisfied his ambition; but, during this period of triumphant joy, the death of his wife, whom — notwithstanding a thousand quarrels, half-serious, half-jocose — he tenderly loved, clouded all his sky; and from that hour till his death in 1881, his soul was in shadow and gloom.

His favorite theory of life often *seemed* to be that "might makes right." If he ever thought so, he found out, long before his death, that the gospel of force is no substitute for the gospel of love; that one cannot *drive* shams out from society, nor *compel* sincerity, nor *scold* men into decency and righteousness.

A great, sad, heroic soul, to whom duty, obedience, work, truth, fortitude, were sacred words, and who for God and man splendidly chose

"To scorn delights and live laborious days"

— we may well believe that, in spite of his many infirmities of temper and some errors of judgment, no age will come when men will cease to hold in veneration and love the name of Thomas Carlyle.

On the following pages will be found specimens showing Carlyle's descriptive power, his grim humor, his tenderness, etc.

EXTRACTS FROM CARLYLE'S WRITINGS.

Sahara Waltzes. — As in dry Sahara, when the winds waken and lift and winnow the immensity of sand! The air itself (travelers say) is a dim sand-air; and, dim looming through it, the wonderfulest uncertain colonnades of sand-pillars rush whirling from this side and that, like so many mad spinning-dervishes of a hundred feet in stature, and dance their huge desert-waltz there!

— *The French Revolution*, III. i.

Execution of Marie Antoinette. — The bloom of that fair face is wasted, the hair is gray with care; the brightness of those eyes is quenched, their lids hang drooping, the face is stony pale as of one living in death. Mean weeds (which her own hand has mended) attire the Queen of the World.

The death-hurdle, where thou sittest pale, motionless, which only curses environ, has to stop: a people, drunk with vengeance, will drink it again in full draught looking on thee there: far as the eye reaches, a multitudinous sea of maniac heads; the air deaf with their triumph yell! The Living dead must shudder with yet one other pang: her startled blood yet again suffuses with the hue of agony that pale face which she hides with her hands.

There is, then, *no* heart to say, God pity thee? Oh, think not of these; think of Him whom thou worshipest, the Crucified, — who, also, treading the winepress *alone*, fronted sorrow still deeper; and triumphed over it, and made it Holy; and built of it a 'Sanctuary of Sorrow,' for

thee and all the wretched! Thy path of thorns is nigh ended.

One long last look at the Tuileries, where thy step was once so light, — where thy children shall not dwell. The head is on the block; the ax rushes —— Dumb lies the World; that wild-yelling World, and all its madness, is behind thee! — *The Diamond Necklace.*

The Personal Appearance of Cromwell. — "His highness," says Whitelocke, "was in a rich but plain suit, — black velvet, with cloak of the same; about his hat a broad band of gold." Does the reader see him? A rather likely figure, I think. Stands some five feet ten or more; a man of strong, solid stature, and dignified, now partly military carriage: the expression of him, valor and devout intelligence, — energy and delicacy on a basis of simplicity. Fifty-four years old, gone April last; brown hair and moustache are getting gray. A figure of sufficient impressiveness, — not lovely to the man-milliner species, nor pretending to be so. Massive stature; big, massive head, of somewhat leonine aspect; wart above the right eyebrow; nose of considerable blunt-aquiline proportions; strict yet copious lips, full of all tremulous sensibilities, and also, if need were, of all fiercenesses and vigors; deep, loving eyes, — call them grave, call them stern, — looking from under those craggy brows as if in life-long sorrow, and yet not thinking it sorrow, — thinking it only labor and endeavor: on the whole, a right noble lion-face; and hero-face; and to me royal enough.

— *Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches.*

Midnight in a Great City. — "*Ach, mein Lieber!*" (Ah, my dear sir!) said he (Professor Teufelsdröckh) once, at midnight, when we had returned from the Coffee-house in rather earnest talk, "it is a true sublimity to dwell here [in a tower high above all the city roofs].

"These fringes of lamplight, struggling up through smoke and thousand-fold exhalation some fathoms into the ancient reign of Night — what thinks Boötes of them as he leads his Hunting-dogs over the Zenith in their leash of sidereal fire?

"That stifled hum of Midnight, when Traffic has lain down to rest; and the chariot-wheels of Vanity, still rolling here and there through distant streets, are bearing her to Halls roofed-in, and lighted to the due pitch for her; and only Vice and Misery, to prowl or to moan like night-birds, are abroad, — that hum, I say, like the stertorous unquiet slumber of sick Life, is heard in Heaven!

"Oh, under that hideous coverlet of vapors and putrefactions and unimaginable gases, what a Fermenting-vat lies simmering and hid!

"The joyful and the sorrowful are there; men are dying there, men are being born; men are praying, — on the other side of a brick partition, men are cursing; — and around them all is the vast void Night!

"The proud Grandee still lingers in his perfumed saloons, or reposes within damask curtains; Wretchedness cowers into truckle-beds, or shivers hunger-stricken into its lair of straw: in obscure cellars, *Rouge-et-Noir* [Red and Black, a game of cards in which the players bet against the bank] languidly emits its voice of destiny to haggard hungry

Villains; while Councilors of State sit plotting, and playing their high chess-game whereof the pawns are Men. The Lover whispers his mistress that the coach is ready, and she, full of hope and fear, glides down to fly with him over the borders: the Thief, still more silently, sets-to his picklocks and crowbars, or lurks in wait till the watchmen first snore in their boxes. Gay mansions, with supper-rooms and dancing-rooms, are full of light and music and high-swelling hearts; but in the Condemned Cells, the pulse of life beats tremulous and faint, and blood-shot eyes look out through the darkness, which is around and within, for the light of a stern last morning. Six men are to be hanged on the morrow: comes no hammering from the *Rabenstein* [place of execution]?—their gallows must even now be o' building!

"Upwards of five hundred thousand two-legged animals without feathers lie round us in horizontal positions, their heads all in nightcaps and full of the foolishest dreams!

"Riot cries aloud, and staggers and swaggers in his rank dens of shame; and the Mother with streaming hair kneels over her pallid dying infant, whose cracked lips only her tears now moisten!

"All these huddled and heaped together, with nothing but a little carpentry and masonry between them;—crammed in, like salted fish in their barrel; or weltering, shall I say, like an Egyptian pitcher of tamed vipers, each struggling to get its *head above* the others:—*such* work goes on under that smoke-counterpane!—But I, *mein Werther*, sit above it all! I am alone with the Stars!"

—*Sartor Resartus*, I. iii.

The three following passages afford specimens of Carlyle's humor: —

The genius of England no longer soars sunward, world-defiant, like an eagle through the storms, "mewing her mighty youth," as John Milton saw her do: the genius of England, much liker a greedy ostrich intent on provender and a whole skin mainly, stands with its other extremity sunward; with its ostrich head stuck into the readiest bush, of old church-tippets, king-cloaks, or what other "sheltering fallacy" there may be, and *so* awaits the issue. The issue has been slow; but it is now seen to have been inevitable. No ostrich, intent on gross terrene provender, and sticking its head into fallacies, but will be awakened one day in a terrible, *a posteriori* manner, if not otherwise. — *Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches.*

Sovereigns die and sovereignties: how all dies, and is for a time only; is a 'time-phantasm,' yet reckons itself real! The Merovingian kings, slowly wending on their bullock carts through the streets of Paris, with their long hair flowing, have all wended slowly on — into eternity! Charlemagne sleeps at Salzburg, with truncheon grounded; only fable expecting that he will awaken. Charles the Hammer, Pepin bow-legged — where now is their eye of menace, their voice of command? Rollo and his shaggy Northmen cover not the Seine with ships; but have sailed off on a longer voyage. The hair of Tow-head (*Tête d'étoupes*) now needs no combing: Iron-cutter (*Taillefer*) cannot cut a cobweb: shrill Fredegonda, shrill Brunhilda,

have had out their hot life-scold, and lie silent, their hot life-frenzy cooled. — *The French Revolution.*

A crowded portal this of Literature, accordingly! The haven of expatriated spiritualisms, and alas, also of expatriated vanities and prurient imbecilities: here do the windy aspirations, foiled activities, foolish ambitions, and frustrate human energies reduced to the vocable condition, fly as to the one refuge left; and the Republic of Letters increases in population at a faster rate than even the Republic of America. The strangest regiment in her Majesty's service, this of the Soldiers of Literature — would your Lordship much like to march through Coventry with them? The immortal gods are there (quite irrecognizable under these disguises), and also the lowest broken valets; — an extremely miscellaneous regiment. In fact, the regiment, superficially viewed, looks like an immeasurable motley flood of discharged play-actors, funambulists, false prophets, drunken ballad-singers; and marches not as a regiment, but as a boundless *canaille*, — without drill, uniform, captaincy, or billet; with huge *over*-proportion of drummers; you would say a regiment gone wholly to the drum, with hardly a good musket to be seen in it, — more a *canaille* than a regiment. *Canaille* of all the loud-sounding levities, and general winnowings of Chaos, marching through the world in a most ominous manner; proclaiming audibly if you have ears: "Twelfth hour of the Night; ancient graves yawning; pale clammy Puseyisms screeching in their winding sheets; owls busy in the City regions; many

goblins abroad! Awake ye living; dream no more; ari[se] to judgment! Chaos and Gehenna are broken loose; th[e] Devil with his Bedlams must be flung in chains again, and the Last of the Days is about to dawn!" Such is Literature to the reflective soul at this moment!

—*Stump Orator* in *Latter-Day Pamphlets*.

Here are some examples of Carlyle's tenderness:

Poor, wandering, wayward man! Art thou not tried and beaten with stripes, even as I am? Ever, whether thou bear the royal mantle or the beggar's gabardine, art thou not so weary, so heavy-laden? and thy Bed of Rest is but a Grave! O my Brother, my Brother! why cannot I shelter thee in my bosom, and wipe away all tears from thy eyes? —*Sartor Resartus*.

O ye loved ones that already sleep in the noiseless Bed of Rest, whom in life I could only weep for and never help; and ye who, wide-scattered, still toil lonely in the monster-bearing Desert, dyeing the flinty ground with your blood—yet a little while and we shall all meet there, and our Mother's bosom will screen us all, and Oppression's harness, and Sorrow's fire-whip, and all the Gehenna bailiffs that patrol and inhabit ever-vexed time cannot thenceforth harm us any more! —*Sartor Resartus*.

Politeness. —Given a noble man, I think your Lordship may expect by and by a polite man. No politer man was to be found in Britain than the rustic Robert Burns: high duchesses were captivated with the chival-

rous ways of the man; recognized that here was the true chivalry, and divine nobleness of bearing — as indeed they well might, now when the Peasant God and Norse Thor had come down among them again! Chivalry this, if not as they do Chivalry in Drury Lane or West End drawing-rooms, yet as they do it in Valhalla and the General Assembly of the Gods. — *The Stump Orator.*

Carlyle's greatest mistake was his attitude towards the United States during the Civil War, as shown in the following squib: —

ILIAS AMERICANA IN NUCE.

(The American Iliad in a nutshell.)

PETER, *of the North* (*to Paul, of the South*). — Paul, you unaccountable scoundrel, I find you hire your servants for life, — not by the month, or year, as I do! You are going straight to Hell, you —!

PAUL. — Good words, Peter! The risk is my own; I am willing to take the risk. Hire you your servants by the month or the day, and get straight to Heaven; leave me to my own method.

PETER. — No; I won't! I will beat your brains out first! (And is trying dreadfully ever since, but cannot yet manage it.) — *Macmillan's Magazine*, August, 1863.

THE HERO AS MAN OF LETTERS. — It was a curious phenomenon, in the withered, unbelieving, secondhand Eighteenth Century, that of a Hero starting up, among the artificial pasteboard figures and productions, in the

guise of a Robert Burns. Like a little well in the rocky desert places, — like a sudden splendor of Heaven in the artificial Vauxhall! People knew not what to make of it. They took it for a piece of the Vauxhall firework! alas, it *let* itself be so taken, though struggling half-blindly, as in bitterness of death, against that! Perhaps no man had such a false reception from his fellow-men. Once more a very wasteful life-drama was enacted under the sun.

The tragedy of Burns's life is known to all of you. Surely we may say, if discrepancy between place held and place merited constitute perverseness of lot for a man, no lot could be more perverse than Burns's. Among those secondhand acting-figures, *mimes* for most part, of the Eighteenth Century, once more a giant Original Man; one of those men who reach down to the perennial Deeps, who take rank with the Heroic among men: and he was born in a poor Ayrshire hut. The largest soul of all the British lands came among us in the shape of a hard-handed Scottish Peasant.

His Father, a poor toiling man, tried various things; did not succeed in any; was involved in continual difficulties. The Steward, Factor as the Scotch call him, used to send letters and threatenings, Burns says, "which threw us all into tears." The brave, hard-toiling, hard-suffering Father, his brave heroine of a wife; and those children of whom Robert was one! In this Earth, so wide otherwise, no shelter for *them*. The letters "threw us all into tears:" figure it! The brave Father, I say always; — a *silent* Hero and Poet; without whom the son had never been a speaking one! Burns's Schoolmaster came after-

wards to London, learnt what good society was; but declares that in no meeting of men did he ever enjoy better discourse than at the hearth of this peasant. And his poor "seven acres of nursery-ground," — not that, nor the miserable patch of clay-farm, nor anything he tried to get a living by, would prosper with him; he had a sore, unequal battle all his days. But he stood to it valiantly; a wise, faithful, unconquerable man; — swallowing down how many sore sufferings daily into silence; fighting like an unseen Hero, — nobody publishing newspaper paragraphs about his nobleness; voting pieces of plate to him! However he was not lost: nothing is lost. Robert is there; the outcome of him, — and indeed of many generations of such as him.

This Burns appeared under every disadvantage: uninstructed, poor, born only to hard manual toil; and writing, when it came to that, in a rustic special dialect, known only to a small province of the country he lived in. Had he written even what he did write, in the general language of England, I doubt not he had already become universally recognized as being, or capable to be, one of our greatest men. That he should have tempted so many to penetrate through the rough husk of that dialect of his, is proof that there lay something far from common within it. He has gained a certain recognition, and is continuing to do so over all quarters of our wide Saxon world: wheresoever a Saxon dialect is spoken, it begins to be understood, by personal inspection of this and the other, that one of the most considerable Saxon men of the Eighteenth century was an Ayrshire Peasant named Robert Burns. Yes, I will say,

here too was a piece of the right Saxon stuff: strong as the Harz-rock, rooted in the depths of the world; — rock, yet with wells of living softness in it! A wild impetuous whirlwind of passion and faculty slumbered quiet there; such heavenly *melody* dwelling in the heart of it. A noble rough genuineness; homely, rustic, honest; true simplicity of strength; with its lightning fire; with its soft, dewy pity; — like the old Norse Thor, the Peasant-god! —

Burns's Brother Gilbert, a man of much sense and worth, has told me that Robert, in his young days, in spite of their hardship, was usually the gayest of speech; a fellow of infinite frolic, laughter, sense, and heart; far pleasanter to hear there, stript, cutting peats in the bog, or suchlike, than he ever afterwards knew him. I can well believe it. This basis of mirth (*'fond gaillard,'* as old Marquis Mirabeau calls it), a primal-element of sunshine and joyfulness, coupled with his other deep and earnest qualities, is one of the most attractive characteristics of Burns. A large fund of Hope dwells in him; spite of his tragical history, he is not a mourning man. He shakes his sorrows gallantly aside; bounds forth victorious over them. It is as the lion shaking "dew-drops from his mane;" as the swift-bounding horse, that *laughs* at the shaking of the spear. — But indeed, Hope, Mirth, of the sort like Burns's, — are they not the outcome properly of warm generous affection, such as is the beginning of all to every man?

You would think it strange if I called Burns the most gifted British soul we had in all that century of his; and yet I believe the day is coming when there will be little danger in saying so. His writings, all that he *did* under

such obstructions, are only a poor fragment of him. Professor Stewart remarked very justly, what indeed is true of all Poets good for much, that his poetry was not any particular faculty, but the general result of a naturally vigorous original mind expressing itself in that way. Burns's gifts, expressed in conversation, are the theme of all that ever heard him. All kinds of gifts: from the gracefulest utterances of courtesy to the highest fire of passionate speech; loud floods of mirth, soft wailings of affection, laconic emphasis, clear piercing insight, — all was in him. Witty duchesses celebrate him as a man whose speech "led them off their feet." This is beautiful: but still more beautiful that which Mr. Lockhart has recorded, which I have more than once alluded to: How the waiters and ostlers at inns would get out of bed, and come crowding to hear this man speak! Waiters and ostlers! — they too were men, and here was a man! I have heard much about his speech; but one of the best things I ever heard of it was, last year, from a venerable gentleman long familiar with him. That it was a speech distinguished by always *having something in it.* "He spoke rather little than much," this old man told me; "sat rather silent in those early days, as in the company of persons above him; and always when he did speak, it was to throw new light on the matter." I know not why any one should ever speak otherwise! — But if we look at his general force of soul, his healthy *robustness* every way, the rugged downrightness, penetration, generous valor and manfulness that was in him, — where shall we readily find a better-gifted man?

Among the great men of the Eighteenth Century, I

sometimes feel as if Burns might be found to resemble Mirabeau more than any other. They differ widely in vesture; yet look at them intrinsically. There is the same burly, thick-necked strength of body as of soul;—built, in both cases, on what the old Marquis calls a *fond gaillard*. By nature, by course of breeding, indeed by nation, Mirabeau has much more of bluster; a noisy, forward, unresting man. But the characteristic of Mirabeau too is veracity and sense, power of true *insight*, superiority of vision. The thing that he says is worth remembering. It is a flash of insight into some object or other: so do both these men speak. The same raging passions; capable too in both of manifesting themselves as the tenderest noble affections. Wit, wild laughter, energy, directness, sincerity: these were in both. The types of the two men are not dissimilar. Burns too could have governed, debated in National Assemblies; politicized, as few could. Alas, the courage which had to exhibit itself in capture of smuggling schooners in the Solway Frith; in keeping *silence* over so much, where no good speech, but only inarticulate rage was possible: this might have bellowed forth Ushers de Brézé and the like; and made itself visible to all men, in managing of kingdoms, in ruling of great ever-memorable epochs! But they said to him reprovingly, his Official Superiors said, and wrote: "You are to work, not think." Of your *thinking*-faculty, the greatest in this land, we have no need; you are to gauge beer there; for that only are *you* wanted. Very notable;—and worth mentioning, though we know what is to be said and answered! As if Thought, Power of Thinking, were not, at all times,

in all places and situations of the world, precisely the thing that *was* wanted! The fatal man; is he not always the *un*thinking man, the man who cannot think and *see;* but only grope, and hallucinate, and *mis*-see the nature of the thing he works with? He mis-sees it, mis*takes* it as we say; takes it for one thing, and it *is* another thing, — and leaves him standing like a Futility there! He is the fatal man; unutterably fatal, put in the high places of men. — "Why complain of this?" say some: "Strength is mournfully denied its arena; that was true from of old." Doubtless; and the worsè for the *arena*, answer I! *Complaining* profits little; stating of the truth may profit. That a Europe, with its French Revolution just breaking out, finds no need of a Burns except for gauging beer, — is a thing I, for one, cannot *rejoice* at! —

Once more we have to say here, that the chief quality of Burns is the *sincerity* of him. So in his Poetry, so in his Life. The Song he sings is not of fantasticalities; it is of a thing felt, really there; the prime merit of this, as of all in him, and of his Life generally, is truth. The Life of Burns is what we may call a great tragic sincerity. A sort of savage sincerity, — not cruel, far from that; but wild, wrestling naked with the truth of things. In that sense, there is something of the savage in all great men.

Hero-worship, — Odin, Burns? Well; these Men of Letters too were not without a kind of Hero-worship: but what a strange condition has that got into now! The waiters and ostlers of Scotch inns, prying about the door, eager to catch any word that fell from Burns, were do-

ing unconscious reverence to the Heroic. Johnson had his Boswell for worshiper. Rousseau had worshipers enough: princes calling on him in his mean garret; the great, the beautiful doing reverence to the poor moon-struck man. For himself a most portentous contradiction; the two ends of his life not to be brought into harmony. He sits at the table of grandees; and has to copy music for his own living. He cannot even get his music copied. "By dint of dining out," says he, "I run the risk of dying by starvation at home." For his worshipers too a most questionable thing! If doing Hero-worship well or badly be the test of vital well-being or ill-being to a generation, can we say that *these* generations are very first-rate? — And yet our heroic Men of Letters do teach, govern, are kings, priests, or what you like to call them; intrinsically there is no preventing it by any means whatever. The world *has* to obey him who thinks and sees in the world. The world can alter the manner of that; can either have it as blessed continuous summer sunshine, or as unblessed black thunder tornado, — with unspeakable difference of profit for the world! The manner of it is very alterable; the matter and fact of it is not alterable by any power under the sky. Light; or, failing that, lightning: the world can take its choice. Not whether we call an Odin god, prophet, priest, or what we call him; but whether we believe the word he tells us: there it all lies. If it be a true word, we shall have to believe it; believing it, we shall have to do it. What *name* or welcome we give him or it, is a point that concerns ourselves mainly. *It*, the new Truth, new deeper

revealing of the Secret of this Universe, is verily of the nature of a message from on high; and must and will have itself obeyed. —

My last remark is on that notablest phasis of Burns's history, — his visit to Edinburgh. Often it seems to me as if his demeanor there were the highest proof he gave of what a fund of worth and genuine manhood was in him. If we think of it, few heavier burdens could be laid on the strength of a man. So sudden; all common *Lionism*, which ruins innumerable men, was as nothing to this. It is as if Napoleon had been made a King of, not gradually, but at once from the Artillery Lieutenancy in the Regiment La Fère. Burns, still only in his twenty-seventh year, is no longer even a plowman; he is flying to the West Indies to escape disgrace, and a jail. This month he is a ruined peasant, his wages seven pounds a year, and these gone from him; next month he is in the blaze of rank and beauty, handing down jeweled Duchesses to dinner; the cynosure of all eyes! Adversity is sometimes hard upon a man; but for one man who can stand prosperity, there are a hundred that will stand adversity. I admire much the way in which Burns met all this. Perhaps no man one could point out, was ever so sorely tried, and so little forgot himself. Tranquil, unastonished; not abashed, not inflated; neither awkwardness nor affectation: he feels that *he* there is the man Robert Burns; that the "rank is but the guinea's stamp;" that the celebrity is but the candle-light, which will show *what* man; not, in the least, make him a better or other man! Alas, it may readily, unless he look to it, make him a *worse* man; a wretched, inflated

wind-bag, — inflated till he *burst*, and there become a *dead* lion; for whom, as some one has said, "there is no resurrection of the body;" worse than a living dog! — Burns is admirable here.

And yet, alas, as I have observed elsewhere, these Lion-hunters were the ruin and death of Burns. It was they that rendered it impossible for him to live! They gathered around him in his Farm; hindered his industry; no place was remote enough from them. He could not get his Lionism forgotten, honestly as he was disposed to do so. He falls into discontents, into miseries, faults; the world getting ever more desolate for him; health, character, peace of mind all gone; — solitary enough now. It is tragical to think of! These men came but to *see* him; it was out of no sympathy with him, nor no hatred to him. They came to get a little amusement: they got their amusement; — and the Hero's life went for it!

Richter says, in the Island of Sumatra there is a kind of "Light-chafers," large Fire-flies, which people stick upon spits, and illuminate the ways with at night. Persons of condition can thus travel with a pleasant radiance, which they much admire. Great honor to the Fire-flies! But — ! —

— *Heroes and Hero-Worship.*

CRITICAL COMMENTS.

With all deductions, Carlyle remains the profoundest critic and the most dramatic imagination of modern times. Never was there a more striking example of that *ingenium perfervidum* long ago said to be characteristic of his countrymen. He is one of the natures, rare in these latter

centuries, capable of rising to a white heat; but once fairly kindled, he is like a three-decker on fire, and his shotted guns go off, as the glow reaches them, alike dangerous to friend or foe. Though he seems more and more to confound material with moral success, yet there is always something wholesome in his unswerving loyalty to reality, as he understands it. History, in the true sense, he does not and cannot write; for he looks on mankind as a herd without volition and without moral force; but such vivid pictures of events, such living conceptions of character, we find nowhere else in prose. . . .

Though not the safest of guides in politics or practical philosophy, his value as an inspirer and awakener cannot be overestimated. It is a power which belongs only to the highest order of minds, for it is none but a divine fire that can so kindle and irradiate. The debt due him from those who listened to the teachings of his prime for revealing to them what sublime reserves of power even the humblest may find in manliness, sincerity, and self-reliance, can be paid with nothing short of reverential gratitude. As a purifier of the sources whence our intellectual inspiration is drawn, his influence has been second only to that of Wordsworth, if even to his. Indeed he has been in no fanciful sense the continuator of Wordsworth's moral teaching. . . .

The great merit of Carlyle's essays lay in a criticism based on wide and various study, which, careless of tradition, applied its standard to the real and not the contemporary worth of the literary or other performance to be judged, and in an unerring eye for that fleeting ex-

pression of the moral features of character, a perception of which alone makes the drawing of a coherent likeness possible. Their defect was a tendency, gaining strength with years, to confound the moral with the æsthetic standard, and to make the value of an author's work dependent on the general force of his nature rather than on its special fitness for a given task. But, with all deductions, he remains the profoundest critic and the most dramatic imagination of modern times. His manner is not so well suited to the historian as to the essayist. He is always great in single figures and striking episodes, but there is neither gradation nor continuity. He sees history, as it were, by flashes of lightning. He makes us acquainted with the isolated spot where we happen to be when the flash comes, as if by actual eyesight, but there is no possibility of a comprehensive view. No other writer compares with him for vividness. With the gift of song, Carlyle would have been the greatest of epic poets since Homer.

—James Russell Lowell.

The essays on Burns and Scott are two sermons on life, often rambling, always full of repetition, saying, in Carlyle's way, what another man of equal genius and power could have said as vigorously, but more clearly and simply, therefore better, in half the number of words. But that other man of equal genius and power, wherever he may be, has not written an essay on Burns. We must take Carlyle as he is; learn to distinguish, as Jeffrey did, between differences that are radical and those which are only formal.

Carlyle's style was his own; in these essays, perhaps, only incipient Carlylese; his genius and his earnest, right-minded struggle with the problems of the life of man were his own also. The readers of these essays should draw near to their writer, mind to mind, soul to soul, live with him his best life while they read the rhetoric that, always right-minded and often joined to strains of highest eloquence, sometimes confuses alike writer and reader. I doubt very much whether, after having written his essay on Burns, Carlyle clearly knew whether he had or had not meant to say that Burns should have chosen between Ellisland and Mount Parnassus. Sometimes we seem to be clearly told that he should have given himself up to the Muses and made poetry his only calling. At other times, we are told that he could not be other than he was. Carlyle, on the whole, preaches with deep earnestness the truth as it is in man. A hint in the facts of any life may set him off on a new burst of homily, and, though all the winds blow health, they do not all blow in the same direction.

—Nicoll's *Thomas Carlyle.*

Carlyle's essays are among the most valuable of his writings. He was the first to make the great writers of Germany known in England; and his writings on the more illustrious figures of the epoch of the French Revolution — Voltaire, Diderot, Mirabeau — are models of insight into character, profound and discriminating estimates of men who had proved stumbling-blocks to British critics. The essays on Burns and Johnson may be said to have struck the keynote of all succeeding writings on these men; while

his criticism of Scott, which has provoked a good deal of hostility, is more and more coming to be generally recognized as substantially correct. The "Life of Schiller," though warmly praised by Goethe, who added a preface to the German translation of it, is not a first-rate performance. But the "Life of Sterling" is a perfect triumph of literary art, far and away the best biography of its size in the language. — HENRY MORLEY.

BURNS'S PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

I was not much struck with Burns's first appearance, as I had previously heard it described. His person, though strong and well-knit, and much superior to what might be expected in a plowman, was still rather coarse in its outline. His stature, from want of setting up, appeared to be only of the middle size, but was rather above it. His motions were firm and decided, and, though without any pretensions to grace, were at the same time so free from clownish restraint as to show that he had not always been confined to the society of his profession. His countenance was not of that elegant cast which is most frequent among the upper ranks, but was manly and intelligent, and marked by a thoughtful gravity which shaded at times into sternness. In his large dark eye the most striking index of his genius resided. It was full of mind, and would have been singularly expressive under the management of one who could employ it with more art for the purpose of expression.

He was plainly but properly dressed, in a style midway between the holiday costume of a farmer and that of the company with which he now associated. His black

hair, without powder at a time when it was very generally worn, was tied behind, and spread upon his forehead. Upon the whole, from his person, physiognomy, and dress, had I met him near a seaport, and been required to guess his condition, I should have probably conjectured him to be the master of a merchant vessel of the most respectable class.

In no part of his manner was there the slightest degree of affectation, nor could a stranger have suspected, from anything in his behavior or conversation, that he had been for some months the favorite of the fashionable circles of a metropolis.

In conversation he was powerful. His conceptions and expression were of corresponding vigor, and on all subjects were as remote as possible from commonplace. Though somewhat authoritative, it was in a way which gave little offense, and was readily imputed to his inexperience in those modes of smoothing dissent and softening assertion which are important characteristics of polished manners.

After breakfast I requested him to communicate some of his unpublished pieces, and he recited his farewell song to the Banks of Ayr, introducing it with a description of the circumstances in which it was composed, more striking than the poem itself. I paid particular attention to his recitation, which was plain, slow, articulate, and forcible, but without any eloquence or art. He did not always lay the emphasis with propriety, nor did he humor the sentiment by the variations of his voice. He was standing, during the time, with his face to the window; to which, and not to his auditors, he directed his eye.

— Professor Walker.

CARLYLE CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE.

[*The student may verify and complete these imperfect lists.*]

	Contemporary Literature and Events.
1795, Dec. 4. Born at Ecclefechan, Dumfriesshire, Scotland.	
	1798. *Lyrical Ballads* published by Coleridge and Wordsworth. — Battle of the Nile.
1800. At village school.	1800. Union of Great Britain and Ireland. — Malta surrendered to English.
	1801. First regular census of Great Britain. — French army in Egypt surrenders. — Battle of Copenhagen.
	1802. Peace of Amiens. — *Edinburgh Review* begun. — Australia colonized.
	1803. Emerson born.
1805. At school at Annan, on Solway Firth.	1805. Battle of Trafalgar. — Scott's *Lay of the Last Minstrel.*
	1806. Death of Pitt and Fox. — Moore's *Epistles, Odes and Other Poems.*
	1807. Slave-trade abolished. — Two volumes of *Poems* by Wordsworth. — Byron's *Hours of Idleness.*
	1808. Scott's *Marmion.* — Peninsular War begins.
1809. Walks eighty miles to Edinburgh, and enters the University.	1809. Abraham Lincoln born. — Campbell's *Gertrude of Wyoming.*
	1812. War between America and England. — Byron's *Childe Harold* (2 cantos).
	1813. Shelley's *Queen Mab.* — Southey made poet laureate.
1814. Leaves University before graduation. — Becomes teacher of mathematics at Annan.	1814. Scott's *Waverley Novels.* — British raid on Washington. — Wordsworth's *Excursion.*
	1815. Waterloo.
1816. Master of school in Kirkaldy.	1816. Byron's *Siege of Corinth, Parisina.* — Shelley's *Alastor.* — Bryant's *Thanatopsis.* — Byron abandons England and wife.
	1817. Moore's *Lalla Rookh.*
1818. Studies law.	1818. Keats publishes *Endymion.*
1819. Settles in Edinburgh.	1819. First steamship on the Atlantic.
1820. Suffers from dyspepsia. — German studies.	1820. Keats goes to Italy. — Byron, Shelley, Moore, Lamb, and the "Lake Poets," all writing.
	1821. Keats dies.
1822. Article on *Faust* in *Edinburgh Review.* — Tutor.	1822. Cabs first used in London. — Wordsworth's *Ecclesiastical Sketches in Verse.*
1823. *Life of Schiller* in *London Magazine.*	

	Contemporary Literature and Events.
1824. Translation of *Wilhelm Meister*.	1824. Byron dies at Missolonghi, Greece. — Irving's *Tales of a Traveler*.
1825. *Life of Schiller*, in book form.	1825. Macaulay's Essay on *Milton*.
1826. Marries Jane Welsh.	1826. Cooper's *Last of the Mohicans*.
1827. *Specimens of German Romance*.	1827. Battle of Navarino.
1828. Settled on wife's inherited farm at Craigenputtoch, Dumfriesshire. — Essay on *Burns*.	1828. Duke of Wellington minister.
1830. *Sartor Resartus* growing.	1830. William IV. crowned. — Stephenson's "Rocket" locomotive.
	1832. Walter Scott dies.
1833. *Sartor Resartus* begins to appear in *Fraser's Magazine*.	1833. Slavery abolished in the British colonies. — Arthur Hallam dies.
1834. Removes to Chelsea, London suburb.	1834. Bancroft's *U. S. History*, Vol. I. — Bulwer's *Last Days of Pompeii*. — Coleridge dies.
1835. At work on *The French Revolution*.	1835. Wordsworth's *Yarrow Revisited, and Other Poems*.
1836. At work on *The French Revolution*.	1836. Dickens's *Pickwick Papers*. — Holmes's *Poems*.
1837. *The French Revolution*. — Lectures.	1837. Victoria becomes Queen. — Hawthorne's *Twice-told Tales*. — Prescott's *Ferdinand and Isabella*. — Whittier's *Poems*.
1840. *Chartism*.	1840. Penny Postage established in England.
1841. *Heroes and Hero-Worship*.	1841. Browning's *Pippa Passes*. — Emerson's *Essays*. — Massacre of English army in Afghanistan. — Photography.
	1842. Tennyson's *Poems*, 2 vols. — China compelled to open her ports to trade.
1843. *Past and Present*.	1843. Ruskin's *Modern Painters*, Vol. I. — Southey dies.
	1844. Elizabeth Barrett's (afterwards Mrs. Browning) *Poems*. — Campbell dies.
1845. *Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches*.	1845. Poe's *Raven* and *Other Poems*.
	1846. Jews admitted to municipal offices in England. — Famine in Ireland. — Anæsthetics. — Sewing-machines. — Repeal of the Corn Laws. — Free Trade in England.
	1847. Longfellow's *Evangeline*. — Thackeray's *Vanity Fair*. — Tennyson's *Princess*.
	1848. Lowell's *Biglow Papers*. — Chartists and Irish rising suppressed.
	1849. Parkman's *California*.
1850. *Latter-day Pamphlets*.	1850. Tennyson marries. — His *In Memoriam*. — Becomes poet laureate.

	Contemporary Literature and Events.
1851. *Life of John Sterling.*	1851. First "World's Fair." — Herbert Spencer's *Social Statics.*
	1854. The Crimean War.
1858. *History of Frederick the Great*, first two vols.	1855. Capture of Sebastopol.
	1859. Darwin's *Origin of Species.* — Tennyson's *Idyls of the King.*
	1861. George Eliot's *Silas Marner.* — American Civil War.
1865. *History of Frederick the Great* completed.	
1866. Lord Rector at Edinburgh. — Wife dies.	
1867. *Shooting Niagara.*	
	1872. The Geneva Arbitration Congress.
1875. *Early Kings of Norway.*	
	1877. Victoria made Empress of India.
1881, Feb. 4. Dies.	

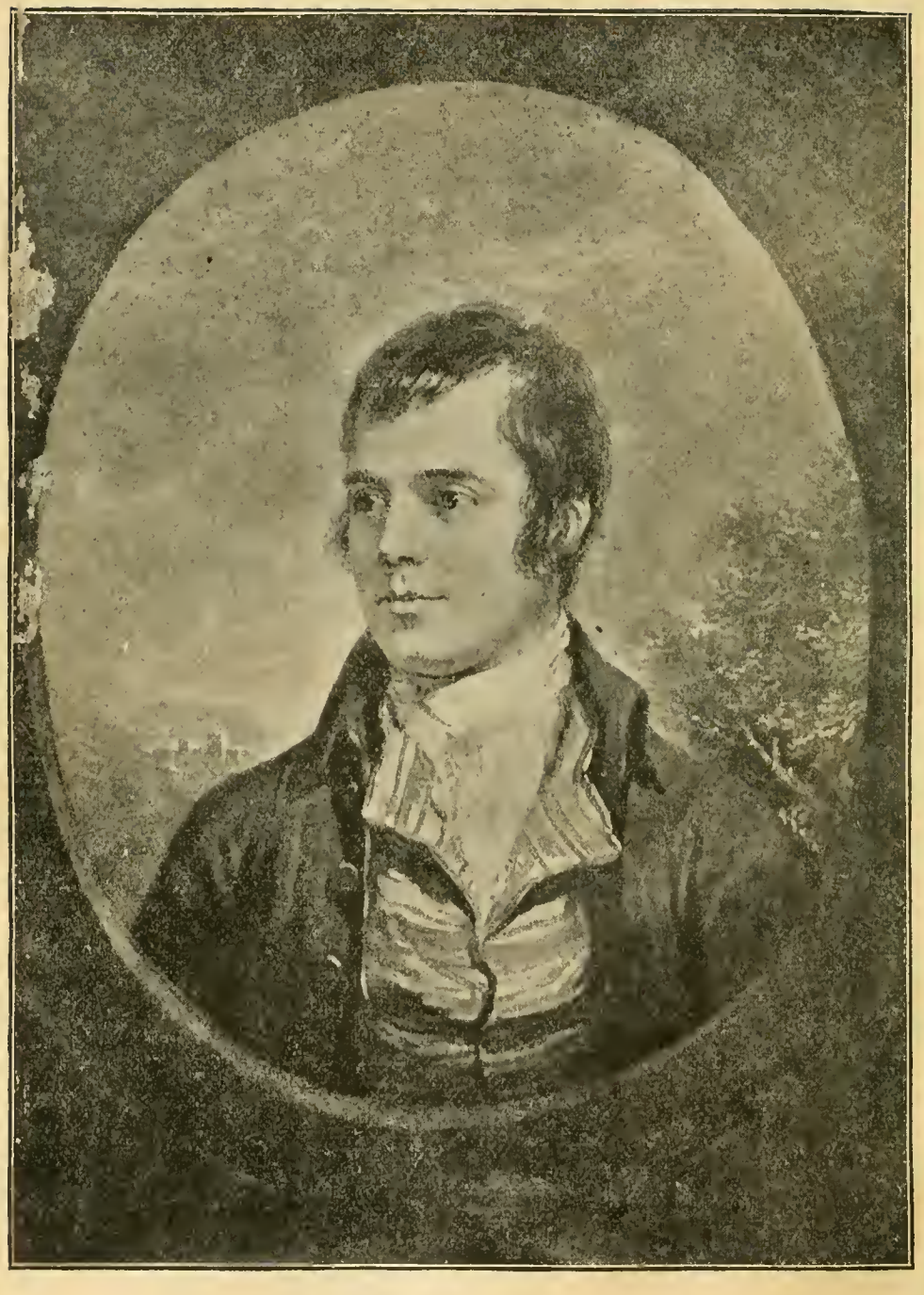
BURNS CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE.

[*The student may verify and complete these imperfect lists.*]

	Contemporary Literature and Events.
1759, Jan. 25. Born 2 m. S. of Ayr, in the midst of a storm that wrecked the house. — Eldest of six children. — Father was William Burness, or, as he wrote it, Burnes.	1759. Johnson writes *Rasselas;* Sterne, *Tristram Shandy*, I. and II. — Victory of Quebec gives England Canada.
	1760. George III. ascends the throne. — Wedgwood establishes his famous potteries.
	1762. Goldsmith's collected essays entitled *The Citizen of the World.* — Macpherson publishes *Poems of Ossian.* — Johnson pensioned, and meets Boswell. — Parliament enacts stringent laws to punish bribery of voters.
	1763. Canada is ceded by France to Britain. — John Wilkes violently attacks the government.
	1764. Johnson founds club. — Goldsmith publishes *The Traveler.* — Hargreaves invents a spinning jenny.
1765. Sent to school with his brother Gilbert for a few months at Alloway Mill.	1765. Percy publishes *Reliques of Ancient Poetry.* — Blackstone's Law Commentaries published. — Stamp Act passed. — Watt's steam engine produced.
1766. Family removes to Mount Oliphant to reside on a leased farm, an unfortunate step.	1766. Goldsmith publishes *The Vicar of Wakefield.* — Stamp Act repealed.
	1768. Gray's collected poems, first edition, published. — Goldsmith's *The Good-natured Man* is acted. — Arkwright invents a spinning machine.
	1769. Robertson's *History of Charles V.* published. — Letters of "Junius" appear.
	1770. Goldsmith's *Deserted Village.* — Umbrellas first used.
	1771. Debates in Parliament first regularly reported.
	1772. Pressing to death abolished by law.
	1773. Goldsmith's *She Stoops to Conquer.* — Goethe's *Götz von Berlichingen.* — Boston Tea Party.
1774. Composes his first song, entitled *Handsome Nell.*	1774. Poet Ferguson dies insane, greatly admired by Burns. — Four "Intolerable Acts" by Parliament to

	Contemporary Literature and Events.
	punish Americans. — Howard's prison reforms. — Priestley discovers oxygen.
	1775. Johnson's *Taxation no Tyranny* published. — Burke's speech on *Conciliation with America*. — Sheridan's *The Rivals* acted. — The American Revolutionary War begins at Lexington and Concord.
1776. Writes the foreboding song, *I dream'd I lay*.	1776. Adam Smith publishes his great work, *The Wealth of Nations*. — Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, Vol. I. — Jefferson's *Declaration of American Independence*.
1777. Family removes ten miles to Lochlea, Tarbolton Parish.	1777. Sheridan's *School for Scandal*.
1778. Spends summer at Kirkoswald in Carrick, learning mensuration.	1778. Roman Catholic Relief Act.
1779. Writes *Winter, a Dirge*, *Death of Poor Mailie*, *John Barleycorn*.	1779. Sheridan's farce, *The Critic*. — Act for relief of dissenting ministers and school-masters.
	1780. Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*. — Jeremy Bentham publishes. — Sunday-schools begun. — Ducking-stool disused. — The Lord George Gordon riots.
1781. Several months at Irvine, learning to dress flax. — Letter to his father. — Tired of life.	1781. Schiller's *Robbers*. — E. Darwin's *The Botanical Garden*. — Cornwallis surrendered to Washington at Yorktown.
	1782. Cowper's *John Gilpin*.
1783. Joins the Freemasons. — *Letters on Love*.	1783. American independence recognized. — Treaties of Paris and Versailles.
1784. Father dies, and is buried in the Kirkyard of Alloway. — Composes *Address to the De'il*. Takes farm of Mossgiel, 112 acres, at £90 rent.	1784. Cowper begins his *Translation of Homer*. — Johnson dies. — Mail-coaches introduced. — Board of Control established for India.
1785. Writes *The Holy Fair*, *Holy Willie's Prayer*, *Halloween*, *The Cotter's Saturday Night*.	1785. Cowper's *The Task* published. — The *London Times* established.
1786. First edition of *Poems, Chiefly in the Scottish Dialect*. — Visits Edinburgh. — Social recognition.	1786. Great trial of Warren Hastings. — Eloquence of Burke.
1787. At Edinburgh. — Second edition of poems in April. — Contributes original and copied songs to J. Johnson's *Museum*. — Traveling in Scotland.	1787. James Johnson's *Museum of Scottish Song*. — Paine's *The Rights of Man*.

	Contemporary Literature and Events.
1788. Takes farm, Ellisland. — Marries Jean Armour in April.	1788. Gibbon publishes the conclusion of his great *History*.
1789. Many letters, etc. — *Address to the Toothache.* — Appointed exciseman.	1789. William Blake's *Songs of Innocence*.
1790. Publishes *Tam o' Shanter*.	1790. Grose's *Antiquities of Scotland*. — Pye poet laureate. — Burke's *Reflections on the French Revolution*.
1791. Moves to Dumfries. — Joins Dumfries Volunteers. — Dabbles in politics. — Seizes a smuggling craft, and sends carronades to French revolutionists.	1791. Cowper's *Translation of Homer* issued. — Boswell's *Life of Johnson*.
	1792. Scott admitted to the bar. — Rogers's *Pleasures of Memory*. — Order of "United Irishmen." — Death of Sir Joshua Reynolds.
1793. Fourth edition of his poems. — Political offenses reproved by Board of Excise.	1793. Wordsworth's *Descriptive Sketches*, and *An Evening Walk*. — War with France. — First patented fire engine.
1794. Health impaired. — Intemperate ?	
1795. Sinking. — Poverty. — Distress.	
1796. Dies July 21; buried July 25.	1796. Coleridge's *The Watchman* periodical. — Southey's *Joan of Arc*. — Scott's translation of Bürger's *Lenore*.



ROBERT BURNS.

CARLYLE'S ESSAY ON BURNS.

I.

In the modern arrangements of society, it is no uncommon thing that a man of genius must, like Butler,[1] "ask for bread and receive a stone;" for, in spite of our grand maxim of supply and demand, it is by no means the highest excellence that men are most forward to recognize. The inventor of a spinning jenny[2] is pretty sure of his reward in his own day; but the writer of a true poem, like the apostle[3] of a true religion, is nearly as sure of the contrary. We do not know whether it is not an aggravation[4] of the injustice, that there is generally a posthumous retribution.[5] Robert Burns,[6] in the course of Nature, might yet have been living; but his short life was spent in toil and penury; and he died, in the prime of his manhood,[7] miserable and neglected: and yet already a brave[8] mausoleum[9] shines[10] over his dust, and more than one splendid monument has been reared in other places to his fame; the street where he languished in poverty is called by his name; the highest personages in our literature have been proud to appear as his commentators and admirers; and here is the *sixth*[11] narrative of his *Life* that has been given to the world!

Mr. Lockhart[12] thinks it necessary to apologize for this new attempt on such a subject: but his readers, we believe, will readily acquit him; or, at worst, will censure only the performance of his task, not the choice of it. The charac-

ter of Burns, indeed, is a theme that cannot easily become either trite or exhausted; and will probably gain rather than lose in its dimensions by the distance to which it is removed by Time. No man, it has been said, is a hero to his valet;[1] and this is probably true; but the fault is at least as likely to be the valet's as the hero's. For it is certain, that to the vulgar eye few things are wonderful that are not distant. It is difficult for men to believe that the man, the mere man whom they see, nay, perhaps painfully feel, toiling at their side through the poor jostlings of existence, can be made of finer clay than themselves. Suppose that some dining acquaintance of Sir Thomas Lucy's[2] and neighbor of John-a-Combe's, had snatched an hour or two from the preservation of his game, and written us a Life of Shakespeare! What dissertations should we not have had, — not on *Hamlet* and *The Tempest*, but on the wool-trade, and deer-stealing, and the libel and vagrant laws; and how the Poacher became a Player; and how Sir Thomas and Mr. John had Christian bowels,[3] and did not push him to extremities! In like manner, we believe, with respect to Burns, that till the companions of his pilgrimage, the Honorable Excise Commissioners, and the Gentlemen of the Caledonian Hunt,[4] and the Dumfries Aristocracy, and all the Squires and Earls, equally with the Ayr Writers, and the New and Old Light Clergy,[5] whom he had to do with, shall have become invisible in the darkness of the Past, or visible only by light borrowed from *his* juxtaposition, it will be difficult to measure[6] him by any true standard, or to estimate what he really was and did, in the eighteenth century, for his country and the world. It will be difficult, we say, but still a fair problem for literary historians; and repeated attempts will give us repeated approximations.

His former Biographers have done something, no doubt, but by no means a great deal, to assist us. Dr. Currie[7] and

Mr. Walker,[1] the principal of these writers, have both, we think, mistaken one essentially important thing: Their own and the world's true relation to their author, and the style in which it became such men to think and to speak of such a man. Dr. Currie loved the poet truly; more perhaps than he avowed to his readers, or even to himself; yet he everywhere introduces him with a certain patronizing, apologetic air; as if the polite public might think it strange and half unwarrantable that he, a man of science, a scholar and gentleman, should do such honor to a rustic. In all this, however, we readily admit that his fault was not want of love, but weakness of faith; and regret that the first and kindest of all our poet's biographers should not have seen farther, or believed more boldly what he saw. Mr. Walker offends more deeply in the same kind: and both err alike in presenting us with a detached catalogue of his several supposed attributes, virtues, and vices instead of a delineation of the resulting character as a living unity. This, however, is not painting a portrait;[2] but gauging the length and breadth of the several features, and jotting down their dimensions in arithmetical ciphers. Nay, it is not so much as that: for we are yet to learn by what arts or instruments the mind *could* be so measured and gauged.

Mr. Lockhart, we are happy to say, has avoided both these errors. He uniformly treats Burns as the high and remarkable man the public voice has now pronounced him to be: and in delineating him, he has avoided the method of separate generalities, and rather sought for characteristic incidents, habits, actions, sayings; in a word, for aspects which exhibit the whole man, as he looked and lived among his fellows. The book accordingly, with all its deficiencies, gives more insight, we think, into the true character of Burns, than any prior biography: though, being written on the very popular and condensed scheme of an article for *Constable's Miscellany*,[3] it has less depth than we could

have wished and expected from a writer of such power; and contains rather more, and more multifarious, quotations than belong of right to an original production. Indeed, Mr. Lockhart's own writing is generally so good, so clear, direct, and nervous that we seldom wish to see it making place for another man's. However, the spirit of the work is throughout candid, tolerant, and anxiously conciliating; compliments and praises are liberally distributed, on all hands, to great and small; and, as Mr. Morris Birkbeck[1] observes of the society in the backwoods[2] of America, "The courtesies of polite life are never lost sight of for a moment." But there are better things than these in the volume; and we can safely testify, not only that it is easily and pleasantly read a first time, but may even be without difficulty read again.

Nevertheless, we are far from thinking that the problem of Burns's Biography has yet been adequately solved. We do not allude so much to deficiency of facts or documents, — though of these we are still every day receiving some fresh accession, — as to the limited and imperfect application of them to the great end of Biography.[3] Our notions upon this subject may perhaps appear extravagant; but if an individual is really of consequence enough to have his life and character recorded for public remembrance, we have always been of opinion that the public ought to be made acquainted with all the inward springs and relations of his character. How did the world[4] and man's life, from his particular position, represent themselves to his mind? How did coexisting circumstances modify him from without; how did he modify these from within? With what endeavors and what efficacy rule over them; with what resistance and what suffering sink under them? In one word, what and how produced was the effect of society on him; what and how produced was his effect on society? He who should answer these questions, in regard to any individual,

would, as we believe, furnish a model of perfection in Biography. Few individuals, indeed, can deserve such a study; and many *lives* will be written, and, for the gratification of innocent curiosity, ought to be written, and read and forgotten, which are not in this sense *biographies*. But Burns, if we mistake not, is one of these few individuals; and such a study, at least with such a result, he has not yet obtained. Our own contributions to it, we are aware, can be but scanty and feeble; but we offer them with good will, and trust they may meet with acceptance from those they are intended for.

II.

Burns first came upon the world as a prodigy;[1] and was, in that character, entertained by it, in the usual fashion, with loud, vague, tumultuous wonder, speedily subsiding into censure and neglect; till his early and most mournful death[2] again awakened an enthusiasm for him, which, especially as there was now nothing to be done,[3] and much to be spoken, has prolonged itself even to our own time. It is true, the "nine days"[4] have long since elapsed; and the very continuance of this clamor proves that Burns was no vulgar wonder. Accordingly, even in sober judgments, where, as years passed by, he has come to rest more and more exclusively on his own intrinsic merits, and may now be well-nigh shorn of that casual radiance, he appears not only as a true British poet, but as one of the most considerable British men of the eighteenth century. Let it not be objected that he did little. He did much, if we consider where and how. If the work performed was small, we must remember that he had his very materials to discover;[5] for the metal he worked in lay hid under the desert moor, where no eye but his had guessed its existence; and we may almost say, that with his own hand he had to construct the tools for fashioning it. For he found himself in deepest

obscurity, without help, without instruction, without model; or with models only of the meanest sort. An educated man stands, as it were, in the midst of a boundless arsenal and magazine, filled with all the weapons and engines which man's skill has been able to devise from the earliest time; and he works, accordingly, with a strength borrowed from all past ages. How different is *his* state who stands on the outside of that storehouse, and feels that its gates must be stormed, or remain forever shut against him! His means are the commonest and rudest; the mere work done is no measure of his strength. A dwarf behind his steam engine may remove mountains; but no dwarf will hew them down with a pickax; and he must be a Titan[1] that hurls them abroad with his arms.

It is in this last shape that Burns presents himself. Born in an age the most prosaic Britain had yet seen, and in a condition the most disadvantageous, where his mind, if it accomplished aught, must accomplish it under the pressure of continual bodily toil, nay, of penury and desponding apprehension of the worst evils, and with no furtherance but such knowledge as dwells in a poor man's hut, and the rhymes of a Ferguson[2] or Ramsay[3] for his standard of beauty, he sinks not under all these impediments: through the fogs and darkness of that obscure region, his lynx eye discerns the true relations of the world and human life; he grows into intellectual strength, and trains himself into intellectual expertness. Impelled by the expansive movement of his own irrepressible soul, he struggles forward into the general view; and with haughty modesty lays down before us, as the fruit of his labor, a gift, which Time has now pronounced imperishable. Add to all this, that his darksome, drudging childhood[4] and youth was by far the kindliest era of his whole life; and that he died in his thirty-seventh year: and then ask. If it be strange that his poems are imperfect, and of small extent, or that his genius

attained no mastery in its art? Alas, his Sun shone[1] as through a tropical tornado; and the pale Shadow of Death eclipsed it at noon! Shrouded in such baleful vapors, the genius of Burns was never seen in clear azure splendor, enlightening the world: but some beams from it did, by fits, pierce through; and it tinted those clouds with rainbow and orient colors into a glory and stern grandeur, which men silently gazed on with wonder and tears!

§ We are anxious not to exaggerate; for it is exposition rather than admiration that our readers require of us here; and yet to avoid some tendency to that side is no easy matter. We love Burns, and we pity him; and love and pity are prone to magnify. Criticism, it is sometimes thought, should be a cold business;[2] we are not so sure of this; but, at all events, our concern with Burns is not exclusively that of critics. True and genial as his poetry must appear, it is not chiefly as a poet,[3] but as a man, that he interests and affects us. He was often advised to write a tragedy:[4] time and means were not lent him for this; but through life he enacted a tragedy, and one of the deepest. We question whether the world has since witnessed so utterly sad a scene; whether Napoleon himself, left to brawl with Sir Hudson Lowe[5] and perish on his rock, "amid the melancholy main,"[6] presented to the reflecting mind such a "spectacle of pity and fear" as did this intrinsically nobler, gentler, and perhaps greater soul, wasting itself away in a hopeless struggle with base entanglements, which coiled closer and closer round him, till only death opened him an outlet. Conquerors are a class of men with whom, for most part, the world could well dispense; nor can the hard intellect, the unsympathizing loftiness, and high but selfish enthusiasm of such persons, inspire us in general with any affection; at best it may excite amazement; and their fall, like that of a pyramid,[7] will be beheld with a certain sadness and awe. But a true Poet, a man in

whose heart resides some effluence of Wisdom, some tone of the "Eternal Melodies,"[1] is the most precious gift[2] that can be bestowed on a generation: we see in him a freer, purer development of whatever is noblest in ourselves; his life is a rich lesson to us; and we mourn his death as that of a benefactor who loved and taught us.

Such a gift had Nature, in her bounty, bestowed on us in Robert Burns; but with queen-like indifference she cast it from her hand, like a thing of no moment; and it was defaced and torn asunder, as an idle bauble, before we recognized it. To the ill-starred Burns was given the power of making man's life more venerable, but that of wisely guiding his own life was not given. Destiny, — for so in our ignorance we must speak, — his faults, the faults of others, proved too hard for him; and that spirit, which might have soared could it but have walked, soon sank to the dust, its glorious faculties trodden under foot in the blossom; and died, we may almost say, without ever having lived. And so kind and warm a soul; so full of inborn riches, of love to all living and lifeless things! How his heart flows out in sympathy over universal Nature, and in her bleakest provinces discerns a beauty and a meaning! The "Daisy"[3] falls not unheeded under his plowshare; nor the ruined nest of that "wee, cowering, timorous beastie,"[4] cast forth, after all its provident pains, to "thole[5] the sleety dribble[6] and cranreuch[7] cauld."[8] The "hoar visage" of Winter delights him; he dwells with a sad and oft-returning fondness in these scenes of solemn desolation; but the voice of the tempest becomes an anthem to his ears; he loves to walk in the sounding woods,[9] for "it raises his thoughts to *Him that walketh on the wings of the wind.*"[10] A true Poet-soul; for it needs but to be struck, and the sound it yields will be music! But observe him chiefly as he mingles with his brother men. What warm, all-comprehending fellow-feeling; what trustful, boundless love; what generous ex-

aggeration of the object loved! His rustic friend, his nut-brown maiden,[1] are no longer mean and homely, but a hero and a queen, whom he prizes as the paragons[2] of Earth. The rough scenes of Scottish life, not seen by him in any Arcadian[3] illusion, but in the rude contradiction, in the smoke and soil of a too harsh reality, are still lovely to him: Poverty is indeed his companion, but Love also, and Courage; the simple feelings, the worth, the nobleness, that dwell under the straw roof, are dear and venerable to his heart: and thus over the lowest provinces of man's existence he pours the glory of his own soul; and they rise, in shadow and sunshine, softened and brightened into a beauty which other eyes discern not in the highest.[4] He has a just self-consciousness, which too often degenerates into pride; yet it is a noble pride,[5] for defense, not for offense; no cold suspicious feeling, but a frank and social one. The Peasant Poet bears himself, we might say, like a King in exile: he is cast among the low, and feels himself equal to the highest; yet he claims no rank, that none may be disputed to him. The forward he can repel, the supercilious[6] he can subdue; pretensions of wealth or ancestry are of no avail with him; there is a fire in that dark eye, under which the "insolence of condescension" cannot thrive. In his abasement, in his extreme need, he forgets not for a moment the majesty[7] of Poetry and Manhood. And yet, far as he feels himself above common men, he wanders not apart from them, but mixes warmly in their interests; nay, throws himself into their arms, and, as it were, entreats them to love him. It is moving to see how, in his darkest despondency, this proud being still seeks relief from[8] friendship; unbosoms himself, often to the unworthy; and, amid tears, strains to his glowing heart a heart that knows only the name of friendship. And yet he was "quick to learn;" a man of keen vision, before whom common disguises afforded no concealment. His understanding saw through the hollow-

ness even of accomplished deceivers; but there was a generous credulity[1] in his heart. And so did our Peasant show himself among us; "a soul like an Æolian[2] harp, in whose strings the vulgar wind, as it passed through them, changed itself into articulate melody." And this was he for whom the world found no fitter business than quarreling with smugglers and vintners, computing excise dues upon tallow, and gauging ale barrels! In such toils was that mighty Spirit sorrowfully wasted: and a hundred years may pass on before another such is given us to waste.

III.

All that remains of Burns, the Writings he has left, seem to us, as we hinted above, no more than a poor mutilated fraction of what was in him; brief, broken glimpses[3] of a genius that could never show itself complete; that wanted all things for completeness: culture, leisure, true effort, nay, even length of life. His poems are, with scarcely any exception, mere occasional effusions, poured forth with little premeditation; expressing, by such means as offered, the passion, opinion, or humor of the hour. Never in one instance was it permitted him to grapple with any subject with the full collection of his strength, to fuse and mold it in the concentrated fire of his genius. To try by the strict rules of Art such imperfect fragments would be at once unprofitable and unfair.[4] Nevertheless, there is something in these poems, marred and defective as they are, which forbids the most fastidious student of poetry to pass them by. Some sort of enduring quality they must have; for, after fifty years of the wildest vicissitudes in poetic taste, they still continue to be read; nay, are read more[5] and more eagerly, more and more extensively; and this not only by literary virtuosos,[6] and that class upon whom transitory causes operate most strongly, but by all classes, down to the

most hard, unlettered and truly natural class, who read little, and especially no poetry, except because they find pleasure in it. The grounds of so singular and wide a popularity, which extends, in a literal sense, from the palace to the hut,[1] and over all regions where the English tongue is spoken, are well worth inquiring into. After every just deduction, it seems to imply some rare excellence in these works. What is that excellence?

To answer this question will not lead us far. The excellence of Burns is, indeed, among the rarest, whether in poetry or prose; but, at the same time, it is plain and easily recognized: his *Sincerity*,[2] his indisputable air of Truth. Here are no fabulous woes or joys; no hollow fantastic sentimentalities; no wiredrawn refinings, either in thought or feeling: the passion that is traced before us has glowed in a living heart; the opinion he utters has risen in his own understanding, and been a light to his own steps. He does not write from hearsay, but from sight and experience; it is the scenes that he has lived and labored amidst, that he describes: those scenes, rude and humble as they are, have kindled beautiful emotions in his soul, noble thoughts, and definite resolves; and he speaks forth what is in him, not from any outward call of vanity or interest, but because his heart is too full to be silent. He speaks it with such melody and modulation as he can, "in homely rustic jingle;" but it is his own, and genuine. This is the grand secret for finding readers and retaining them: let him who would move and convince others be first moved and convinced himself. Horace's[3] rule, *Si vis me flere*,[4] is applicable in a wider sense than the literal one. To every poet, to every writer, we might say, Be true, if you would be believed. Let a man but speak forth with genuine earnestness the thought, the emotion, the actual condition of his own heart; and other men, so strangely are we all knit together by the tie of sympathy, must and will give heed to him. In culture, in ex-

tent of view, we may stand above the speaker, or below him; but in either case, his words, if they are earnest and sincere, will find some response within us; for, in spite of all casual varieties in outward rank or inward, as face answers to face, so does the heart of man to man.

This may appear a very simple principle, and one which Burns had little merit in discovering. True, the discovery is easy enough: but the practical appliance is not easy; is indeed the fundamental difficulty which all poets have to strive with, and which scarcely one in the hundred ever fairly surmounts. A head too dull to discriminate the true from the false; a heart too dull to love the one at all risks, and to hate the other in spite of all temptations, are alike fatal to a writer. With either, or, as more commonly happens, with both of these deficiencies, combine a love of distinction, a wish to be original which is seldom wanting, and we have Affectation,[1] the bane of literature, as Cant,[2] its elder brother, is of morals. How often does[3] the one and the other front us, in poetry, as in life! Great poets themselves are not always free from this vice; nay, it is precisely on a certain sort and degree of greatness that it is most commonly ingrafted. A strong effort after excellence will sometimes solace itself with a mere shadow of success; he who has much to unfold, will sometimes unfold it imperfectly. Byron,[4] for instance, was no common man: yet if we examine his poetry with this view, we shall find it far enough from faultless. Generally speaking, we should say that it is not true. He refreshes us, not with the divine fountain, but too often with vulgar strong waters,[5] stimulating indeed to the taste, but soon ending in dislike, or even nausea. Are his Harolds and Giaours,[6] we would ask, real men; we mean, poetically consistent and conceivable men? Do not these characters, does not the character of their author, which more or less shines through them all, rather appear a thing put on for the occasion; no natural or possible mode

of being, but something intended to look much grander than nature? Surely, all these stormful agonies, this volcanic heroism, superhuman contempt, and moody desperation, with so much scowling and teeth-gnashing, and other sulphurous humor, is more like the brawling of a player in some paltry tragedy, which is to last three hours, than the bearing of a man in the business of life, which is to last threescore and ten years. To our minds there is a taint of this sort, something which we should call theatrical, false, affected,[1] in every one of these otherwise so powerful pieces. Perhaps *Don Juan*, especially the latter parts of it, is the only thing approaching to a *sincere* work, he ever wrote; the only work where he showed himself, in any measure, as he was; and seemed so intent on his subject as, for moments, to forget himself. Yet Byron hated this vice; we believe, heartily detested it: nay, he had declared formal war against it in words. So difficult is it even for the strongest to make this primary attainment, which might seem the simplest of all: to *read its own consciousness without mistakes*,[2] without errors involuntary or willful! We recollect no poet of Burns's susceptibility who comes before us from the first, and abides with us to the last, with such a total want of affectation. He is an honest man, and an honest writer. In his successes and his failures, in his greatness and his littleness, he is ever clear, simple, true, and glitters with no luster but his own. We reckon this to be a great virtue; to be, in fact, the root of most other virtues, literary as well as moral.

Here, however, let us say, it is to the Poetry of Burns that we now allude; to those writings which he had time to meditate, and where no special reason existed to warp his critical feeling, or obstruct his endeavor to fulfill it. Certain of his Letters, and other fractions of prose composition, by no means deserve this praise. Here, doubtless, there is not the same natural truth of style; but on the contrary, something

not only stiff, but strained and twisted; a certain high-flown, inflated tone; the stilting emphasis of which contrasts ill with the firmness and rugged simplicity of even his poorest verses. Thus no man, it would appear, is altogether unaffected. Does not Shakespeare himself[1] sometimes premeditate the sheerest bombast! But even with regard to these Letters of Burns, it is but fair to state that he had two excuses. The first was his comparative deficiency in language. Burns, though for most part he writes with singular force and even gracefulness, is not master of English prose as he is of Scottish verse; not master of it, we mean, in proportion to the depth and vehemence of his matter. These Letters strike us as the effort of a man to express something which he has no organ fit for expressing. But a second and weightier excuse is to be found in the peculiarity of Burns's social rank. His correspondents are often men whose relation to him he has never accurately ascertained; whom therefore he is either forearming himself against, or else unconsciously flattering, by adopting the style he thinks will please them. At all events, we should remember that these faults, even in his Letters, are not the rule, but the exception. Whenever he writes, as one would ever wish to do, to trusted friends and on real interests, his style becomes simple, vigorous, expressive, sometimes even beautiful.[2] His letters to Mrs. Dunlop[3] are uniformly excellent.

But we return to his Poetry. In addition to its Sincerity, it has another peculiar merit, which indeed is but a mode, or perhaps a means, of the foregoing: this displays itself in his *choice of subjects*; or rather in his indifference as to subjects, and the power he has of making all subjects interesting.[4] The ordinary poet, like the ordinary man, is forever seeking in external circumstances the help which can be found only in himself. In what is familiar and near at hand, he discerns no form or comeliness: home is not poetical but prosaic; it is in some past, distant, conventional,

heroic world that poetry resides; were he there and not here, were he thus and not so, it would be well with him. Hence our innumerable host of rose-colored Novels and iron-mailed Epics,[1] with their locality not on the Earth, but somewhere nearer to the Moon.[2] Hence our Virgins of the Sun, and our Knights of the Cross, malicious Saracens in turbans, and copper-colored Chiefs in wampum, and so many other truculent[3] figures from the heroic times or the heroic climates, who on all hands swarm in our poetry. Peace be with them! But yet, as a great moralist[4] proposed preaching to the men of this century, so would we fain preach to the poets "a sermon on the duty of staying at home." Let them be sure that heroic ages and heroic climates can do little for them. That form of life has attraction for us, less because it is better or nobler than our own than simply because it is different; and even this attraction must be of the most transient sort. For will not our own age one day be an ancient one, and have as quaint a costume as the rest; not contrasted with the rest, therefore, but ranked along with them, in respect of quaintness? Does Homer[5] interest us now because he wrote of what passed beyond his native Greece, and two centuries before[6] he was born; or because he wrote of what passed in God's world and in the heart of man, which is the same after thirty centuries? Let our poets look to this: is their feeling really finer, truer, and their vision deeper than that of other men, — they have nothing to fear, even from the humblest subject: is it not so, — they have nothing to hope, but an ephemeral[7] favor, even from the highest.

The poet, we imagine, can never have far to seek for a subject: the elements of his art are in him, and around him on every hand; for him the Ideal world is not remote from the Actual, but under it and within it: nay, he is a poet precisely because he can discern it there. Wherever there is a sky above him, and a world around him, the poet is

in his place; for here too is man's existence, with its infinite longings and small acquirings; its ever-thwarted, ever-renewed endeavors; its unspeakable aspirations, its fears and hopes that wander through Eternity; and all the mystery of brightness and of gloom that it was ever made of, in any age or climate, since man first began to live. Is there not the fifth act of a Tragedy in every deathbed,[1] though it were a peasant's and a bed of heath? And are wooings and weddings obsolete, that there can be Comedy no longer? Or are men suddenly grown wise, that Laughter[2] must no longer shake his sides, but be cheated of his Farce? Man's life and nature is as it was, and as it will ever be. But the poet must have an eye to read these things, and a heart to understand them; or they come and pass away before him in vain. He is a *vates*,[3] a seer; a gift of vision has been given him. Has life no meanings for him, which another cannot equally decipher? then he is no poet, and Delphi[4] itself will not make him one.

In this respect, Burns, though not perhaps absolutely a great poet, better manifests his capability, better proves the truth of his genius, than if he had by his own strength kept the whole Minerva Press[5] going, to the end of his literary course. He shows himself at least a poet of Nature's own making; and Nature, after all, is still the grand agent in making poets. We often hear of this and the other external condition being requisite for the existence of a poet. Sometimes it is a certain sort of training; he must have studied certain things, studied for instance "the elder dramatists," and so learned a poetic language; as if poetry lay in the tongue, not in the heart.[6] At other times we are told he must be bred in a certain rank, and must be on a confidential footing with the higher classes; because, above all things, he must see the world. As to seeing the world, we apprehend this will cause him little difficulty, if he have but eyesight to see it with. Without eyesight, indeed, the

task might be hard. The blind or the purblind man "travels from Dan to Beersheba[1] and finds it all barren." But happily every poet is born *in* the world; and sees it, with or against his will, every day and every hour he lives. The mysterious workmanship of man's heart, the true light and the inscrutable darkness of man's destiny, reveal themselves not only in capital cities and crowded saloons, but in every hut and hamlet where men have their abode. Nay, do not the elements of all human virtues and all human vices, the passions at once of a Borgia[2] and of a Luther,[3] lie written, in stronger or fainter lines, in the consciousness of every individual bosom that has practiced honest self-examination? Truly, this same world may be seen in Mossgiel[4] and Tarbolton,[5] if we look well, as clearly as it ever came to light in Crockford's,[6] or the Tuileries[7] itself.

But sometimes still harder requisitions are laid on the poor aspirant to poetry; for it is hinted that he should have *been born* two centuries ago; inasmuch as poetry, about that date, vanished[8] from the earth, and became no longer attainable by men! Such cobweb speculations[9] have, now and then, overhung the field of literature; but they obstruct not the growth of any plant there: the Shakespeare or the Burns, unconsciously and merely as he walks onward, silently brushes them away. Is not every genius an impossibility[10] till he appear? Why do we call him new and original, if *we* saw where his marble was lying, and what fabric he could rear from it? It is not the material but the workman that is wanting. It is not the dark *place* that hinders, but the dim *eye*.[11] A Scottish peasant's life was the meanest and rudest of all lives, till Burns became a poet in it and a poet of it; found it a *man's* life, and therefore significant to men. A thousand battle fields remain unsung; but the *Wounded Hare*[12] has not perished without its memorial; a balm of mercy yet breathes on us from its dumb agonies, because a poet was there. Our *Hallowcen*[13] had

passed and repassed, in rude awe and laughter, since the era of the Druids;[1] but no Theocritus, till Burns, discerned in it the materials of a Scottish Idyl:[2] neither was the *Holy Fair*[3] any *Council of Trent*[4] or Roman *Jubilee*,[5] but nevertheless, *Superstition* and *Hypocrisy* and *Fun* having been propitious to him, in this man's hand it became a poem, instinct with satire and genuine comic life. Let but the true poet be given us — we repeat it — place him where and how you will, and true poetry will not be wanting.

Independently of the essential gift of poetic feeling, as we have now attempted to describe it, a certain rugged sterling worth[6] pervades whatever Burns has written; a virtue, as of green fields and mountain breezes, dwells in his poetry; it is redolent of natural life and hardy natural men. There is a decisive strength in him, and yet a sweet native gracefulness: he is tender, he is vehement, yet without constraint or too visible effort; he melts the heart, or inflames it, with a power which seems habitual and familiar to him. We see that in this man there was the gentleness, the trembling pity of a woman, with the deep earnestness, the force and passionate ardor of a hero. Tears lie in him, and consuming fire: as lightning lurks in the drops of the summer cloud. He has a resonance in his bosom for every note of human feeling: the high and the low, the sad, the ludicrous, the joyful, are welcome in their turns to his "lightly-moved and all-conceiving spirit." And observe with what a fierce, prompt force he grasps his subject, be it what it may! How he fixes, as it were, the full image of the matter in his eye; full and clear in every lineament; and catches the real type and essence of it amid a thousand accidents and superficial circumstances, no one of which misleads him! Is it of reason — some truth to be discovered? No sophistry, no vain surface-logic detains him; quick, resolute, unerring, he pierces through into the marrow of the question, and speaks his verdict with an empha-

sis that cannot be forgotten. Is it of description — some visual object to be represented? No poet of any age or nation is more graphic than Burns: the characteristic features disclose themselves to him at a glance; three lines from his hand, and we have a likeness. And, in that rough dialect, in that rude, often awkward meter, so clear and definite a likeness! It seems a draughtsman working with a burnt stick; and yet the burin[1] of a Retzsch[2] is not more expressive or exact.

Of this last excellence[3] — the plainest and most comprehensive of all, being indeed the root and foundation of *every* sort of talent, poetical or intellectual — we could produce innumerable instances from the writings of Burns. Take these glimpses of a snowstorm from his *Winter Night* (the italics are ours):

> When biting Boreas,[4] fell and doure,[5]
> *Sharp shivers* thro' the leafless bow'r,
> And Phœbus *gies*[6] *a short-liv'd glowr*
> *Far south the lift*,[7]
> *Dim dark'ning thro' the flaky show'r*
> *Or whirling drift:*
>
> 'Ae[8] night the storm the steeples rock'd,
> Poor labor sweet in sleep was lock'd,
> While burns,[9] *wi' snawy wreeths*[10] *upchok'd*,
> *Wild-eddying swirl*,
> Or thro' the mining outlet bock'd,[11]
> Down headlong hurl.

Are there not "descriptive touches" here? The describer *saw* this thing; the essential feature and true likeness of every circumstance in it; saw, and not with the eye only. "Poor labor locked in sweet sleep;" the dead stillness of man, unconscious, vanquished, yet not unprotected, while such strife of the material elements rages, and seems to reign supreme in loneliness,— this is of the heart as well as

of the eye! — Look also at his image of a thaw, and prophesied fall of the *Auld Brig*:[1]

When heavy, dark, continued, a'-day rains
Wi' deepening deluges o'erflow the plains;
When from the hills where springs the brawling Coil,
Or stately Lugar's *mossy* fountains *boil*,
Or where the Greenock winds his *moorland* course,
Or haunted Garpal[2] draws his feeble source,
Arous'd by blust'ring winds and *spotting* thowes,[3]
In mony a torrent down his snaw-broo[4] *rowes*;[5]
While crashing ice, borne on the roaring spate,[6]
Sweeps dams and mills and brigs a' to the gate;
And from Glenbuck[7] down to the Rattonkey,[8]
Auld Ayr is just one lengthen'd *tumbling* sea;
Then down ye'll hurl, Deil nor ye never rise!
And *dash the gumlie*[9] *jaups*[10] *up to the pouring skies.*

The last line is in itself a Poussin-picture[11] of that Deluge! The welkin has, as it were, bent down with its weight; the "gumlie jaups" and the "pouring skies" are mingled together; it is a world of rain and ruin. — In respect of mere clearness and minute fidelity, the *Farmer's*[12] commendation of his *Auld Mare*, in plow or in cart, may vie with Homer's Smithy[13] of the Cyclops,[14] or yoking of Priam's Chariot.[15] Nor have we forgotten stout *Burn-the-wind*[16] and his brawny customers inspired by *Scotch Drink*:[17] but it is needless to multiply examples. One other trait of a much finer sort we select from multitudes of such among his *Songs*. It gives, in a single line, to the saddest feeling the saddest environment and local habitation:

The pale Moon is setting beyond the white wave,
And Time is setting wi' me, O;
Farewell, false friends! false lover, farewell!
I'll nae mair trouble them nor thee, O.

This clearness of sight we have called the foundation of all talent; for in fact, unless we *see* our object, how shall

we know how to place or prize it in our understanding, our imagination, our affections? Yet it is not in itself, perhaps, a very high excellence; but capable of being united indifferently with the strongest, or with ordinary power. Homer surpasses all men in this quality:[1] but, strangely enough, at no great distance below him are Richardson[2] and Defoe.[3] It belongs, in truth, to what is called a lively mind; and gives no sure indication of the higher endowments that may exist along with it. In all the three cases we have mentioned, it is combined with great garrulity; their descriptions are detailed, ample and lovingly exact: Homer's fire bursts through, from time to time, as if by accident; but Defoe and Richardson have no fire. Burns, again, is not more distinguished by the clearness than by the impetuous force of his conceptions. Of the strength, the piercing emphasis with which he thought, his emphasis of expression may give a humble but the readiest proof. Who ever uttered sharper sayings than his; words more memorable, now by their burning vehemence, now by their cool vigor and laconic pith? A single phrase depicts a whole subject, a whole scene. We hear of "a gentleman that derived his patent of nobility direct from Almighty God." Our Scottish forefathers in the battle field struggled forward "*red-wat-shod:*"[4] in this one word, a full vision of horror and carnage, perhaps too frightfully accurate[5] for Art!

In fact, one of the leading features in the mind of Burns is this vigor of his strictly intellectual perceptions.[6] A resolute force is ever visible in his judgments, and in his feelings and volitions. Professor Stewart[7] says of him, with some surprise: "All the faculties of Burns's mind were, as far as I could judge, equally vigorous; and his predilection for poetry was rather the result of his own enthusiastic and impassioned temper than of a genius exclusively adapted to that species of composition. From his

conversation I should have pronounced him to be fitted to excel in whatever walk of ambition he had chosen to exert his abilities." But this, if we mistake not, is at all times the very essence of a truly poetical endowment. Poetry, except in such cases as that of Keats,[1] where the whole consists in a weak-eyed maudlin sensibility, and a certain vague random tunefulness of nature, is no separate faculty, no organ which can be superadded to the rest, or disjoined from them; but rather the result of their general harmony and completion. The feelings, the gifts that exist in the Poet, are those that exist, with more or less development, in every human soul: the imagination, which shudders at the Hell of Dante,[2] is the same faculty, weaker in degree, which called that picture into being. How does the Poet speak to men with power but by being still more a man than they? Shakespeare,[3] it has been well observed, in the planning and completing of his tragedies, has shown an Understanding, were it nothing more, which might have governed states, or indited a *Novum Organum*.[4] What Burns's force of understanding may have been, we have less means of judging: it had to dwell among the humblest objects; never saw Philosophy; never rose, except by natural effort and for short intervals, into the region of great ideas. Nevertheless, sufficient indication, if no proof sufficient, remains for us in his works: we discern the brawny movements of a gigantic though untutored strength; and can understand how, in conversation, his quick sure insight into men and things may, as much as aught else about him, have amazed the best thinkers of his time and country.

But, unless we mistake, the intellectual gift of Burns is fine as well as strong.[5] The more delicate relations of things could not well have escaped his eye, for they were intimately present to his heart. The logic of the senate and the forum is indispensable, but not all-sufficient; nay, perhaps the highest Truth is that which will the most certainly

elude it. For this logic works by words, and "the highest," it has been said, "cannot be expressed in words." We are not without tokens of an openness for this higher truth also, of a keen though uncultivated sense for it, having existed in Burns. Mr. Stewart, it will be remembered, "wonders,"[1] in the passage above quoted, that Burns had formed some distinct conception of the "doctrine of association." We rather think that far subtler things than the doctrine of association[2] had from of old been familiar to him. Here for instance: —

"We know nothing,"[3] thus writes he, "or next to nothing, of the structure of our souls; so we cannot account for those seeming caprices in them, that one should be particularly pleased with this thing, or struck with that, which, on minds of a different cast, makes no extraordinary impression. I have some favorite flowers in spring, among which are the mountain daisy, the harebell, the foxglove, the wild-brier rose, the budding birch, and the hoary hawthorn, that I view and hang over with particular delight. I never hear the loud solitary whistle of the curlew in a summer noon, or the wild mixing cadence of a troop of gray plover in an autumnal morning, without feeling an elevation of soul like the enthusiasm of devotion or poetry. Tell me, my dear friend, to what can this be owing? Are we a piece of machinery, which, like the Æolian harp, passive, takes the impression of the passing accident; or do these workings argue something within us above the trodden clod? I own myself partial to such proofs of those awful and important realities: a God that made all things, man's immaterial and immortal nature, and a world of weal or woe beyond death and the grave."

Force and fineness of understanding are often spoken of as something different from general force and fineness of nature, as something partly independent of them. The necessities of language so require it; but in truth these

qualities are not distinct and independent: except in special cases, and from special causes, they ever go together. A man of strong understanding is generally a man of strong character; neither is delicacy in the one kind often divided from delicacy in the other. No one, at all events, is ignorant that in the Poetry of Burns keenness of insight keeps pace with keenness of feeling;[1] that his *light* is not more pervading than his *warmth*. He is a man of the most impassioned temper; with passions not strong only, but noble, and of the sort in which great virtues and great poems take their rise. It is reverence, it is love towards all Nature that inspires him, that opens his eyes to its beauty, and makes heart and voice eloquent in its praise. There is a true old saying, that "Love furthers knowledge:" but, above all, it is the living essence of that knowledge which makes poets; the first principle of its existence, increase, activity. Of Burns's fervid affection, his generous all-embracing Love, we have spoken already, as of the grand distinction of his nature, seen equally in word and deed, in his Life and in his Writings.

It were easy to multiply examples. Not man only, but all that environs man in the material and moral universe, is lovely in his sight: "the hoary hawthorn," the "troop of gray plover," the "solitary curlew,"—all are dear to him; all live in this Earth along with him, and to all he is knit as in mysterious brotherhood. How touching is it, for instance, that, amidst the gloom of personal misery, brooding over the wintry desolation without him and within him, he thinks of the "ourie cattle" and "silly sheep," and their sufferings in the pitiless storm!

> I thought me on the ourie cattle,[2]
> Or silly sheep, wha bide[3] this brattle[4]
> O' wintry war,
> Or thro' the drift, deep-lairing,[5] sprattle,[6]
> Beneath a scar.[7]

Ilk[1] happing[2] bird, wee helpless thing,
That in the merry months o' spring
Delighted me to hear thee sing,
What comes o' thee?
Where wilt thou cow'r thy chittering[3] wing,
And close thy e'e?

The tenant of the mean hut, with its "ragged roof and chinky wall," has a heart to pity even these! This is worth several homilies on Mercy; for it is the voice of Mercy herself. Burns, indeed, lives in sympathy; his soul rushes forth into all realms of being; nothing that has existence can be indifferent[4] to him. The very Devil[5] he cannot hate with right orthodoxy:

But fare you weel, auld Nickie-ben;[6]
O, wad[7] ye tak a thought and men'![8]
Ye aiblins[9] might, — I dinna[10] ken,[11] —
Still hae a stake;[12]
I'm wae[13] to think upo' yon den,
Even for your sake!

"*He* is the father of curses and lies," said Dr. Slop;[14] "and is cursed and damned already." — "I am sorry for it," quoth my uncle Toby![15] — A Poet without Love were a physical and metaphysical impossibility.

But has it not been said, in contradiction to this principle, that "Indignation makes verses"?[16] It has been so said, and is true enough: but the contradiction is apparent, not real. The Indignation which makes verses is, properly speaking, an inverted Love;[17] the love of some right, some worth, some goodness, belonging to ourselves or others, which has been injured, and which this tempestuous feeling issues forth to defend and avenge. No selfish fury of heart, existing there as a primary feeling and without its opposite, ever produced much Poetry: otherwise, we suppose, the Tiger were the most musical of all our choristers. Johnson[18] said, he loved a good hater; by which he must have

meant, not so much one that hated violently, as one that hated wisely; hated baseness from love of nobleness. However, in spite of Johnson's paradox, tolerable enough for once in speech, but which need not have been so often adopted in print since then, we rather believe that good men deal sparingly in hatred, either wise or unwise: nay that a "good" hater is still a desideratum[1] in this world. The Devil, at least, who passes for the chief and best of that class, is said to be nowise an amiable character.

Of the verses which Indignation makes, Burns has also given us specimens, and among the best that were ever given. Who will forget his *Dweller in yon Dungeon dark*;[2] a piece that might have been chanted by the Furies[3] of Æschylus?[4] The secrets of the infernal Pit[5] are laid bare; a boundless baleful "darkness visible;"[6] and streaks of hell-fire quivering madly in its black haggard bosom!

Dweller in yon Dungeon dark,
Hangman of Creation, mark[7]
Who in widow's weeds appears,
Laden with unhonored years,
Noosing[8] with care a bursting purse,
Baited[9] with many a deadly curse![10]

Why should we speak of *Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled*;[11] since all know of it, from the king to the meanest of his subjects? This dithyrambic[12] was composed on horseback;[13] in riding in the middle of tempests over the wildest Galloway moor, in company with a Mr. Syme, who, observing the poet's looks, forbore to speak, — judiciously enough, for a man composing *Bruce's Address* might be unsafe to trifle with! Doubtless this stern hymn was singing itself, as he formed it, through the soul of Burns: but to the external ear it should be sung with the throat of the whirlwind. So long as there is warm blood in the heart of Scotchman or man, it will move in fierce thrills under this war-ode; the best,[14] we believe, that was ever written by any pen.

Another wild stormful Song, that dwells in our ear and mind with a strange tenacity, is *Macpherson's Farewell.*[1] Perhaps there is something in the tradition itself that co-operates. For was not this grim Celt,[2] this shaggy North-land Cacus,[3] that "lived a life of sturt[4] and strife, and died by treacherie,"—was not he too one of the Nimrods[5] and Napoleons[6] of the earth in the arena of his own remote misty glens, for want of a clearer and wider one? Nay, was there not a touch of grace given him? A fiber of love and softness, of poetry itself,[7] must have lived in his savage heart: for he composed that air the night before his execution; on the wings of that poor melody his better soul would soar away above oblivion, pain, and all the ignominy and despair, which, like an avalanche, was hurling him to the abyss! Here, also, as at Thebes,[8] and in Pelops's[9] line, was material Fate[10] matched against man's Free-will; matched in bitterest though obscure duel; and the ethereal soul sank not, even in its blindness, without a cry which has survived it. But who, except Burns, could have given words to such a soul; words that we never listen to without a strange half-barbarous, half-poetic fellow-feeling?

Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,
Sae dauntingly gaed he;
He play'd a spring, and danced it round,
Below the gallows tree.

Under a lighter disguise, the same principle of Love, which we have recognized as the great characteristic of Burns, and of all true poets, occasionally manifests itself in the shape of Humor. Everywhere, indeed, in his sunny moods, a full buoyant flood of mirth rolls through the mind of Burns; he rises to the high, and stoops to the low, and is brother and playmate to all Nature. We speak not of his bold and often irresistible faculty of caricature; for this is Drollery rather than Humor:[11] but a much tenderer

sportfulness dwells in him; and comes forth here and there in evanescent and beautiful touches; as in his *Address to the Mouse*,[1] or the *Farmer's Mare*,[2] or in his *Elegy on poor Mailie*,[3] which last may be reckoned his happiest effort of this kind. In these pieces there are traits of a Humor as fine as that of Sterne;[4] yet altogether different, original, peculiar,—the Humor of Burns.

IV.

Of the tenderness, the playful pathos, and many other kindred qualities of Burns's Poetry, much more might be said; but now, with these poor outlines of a sketch, we must prepare to quit this part of our subject. To speak of his individual Writings adequately and with any detail would lead us far beyond our limits. As already hinted, we can look on but few of these pieces as, in strict critical language, deserving the name of Poems: they are rhymed eloquence, rhymed pathos, rhymed sense; yet seldom essentially melodious, aerial, poetical. *Tam o' Shanter*[5] itself, which enjoys so high a favor, does not appear to us at all decisively to come under this last category. It is not so much a poem, as a piece of sparkling rhetoric: the heart and body of the story still lies hard and dead. He has not gone back, much less carried us back, into that dark, earnest, wondering age when the tradition was believed, and when it took its rise; he does not attempt, by any new modeling of his supernatural ware, to strike anew that deep mysterious chord of human nature, which once responded to such things, and which lives in us too, and will forever live, though silent now, or vibrating with far other notes and to far different issues. Our German readers will understand us when we say that he is not the Tieck[6] but the Musäus,[7] of this tale. Externally it is all green and living; yet look closer, it is no firm growth, but only ivy on a rock. The

piece does not properly cohere: the strange chasm which yawns in our incredulous imaginations between the Ayr public house and the gate of Tophet,[1] is nowhere bridged over; nay, the idea of such a bridge is laughed at; and thus the Tragedy of the adventure becomes a mere drunken phantasmagoria, or many-colored spectrum painted on ale-vapors, and the Farce alone has any reality. We do not say that Burns should have made much more of this tradition; we rather think that, for strictly poetical purposes, not much *was* to be made of it. Neither are we blind to the deep, varied, genial power displayed in what he has actually accomplished; but we find far more "Shakespearean" qualities, as these of *Tam o' Shanter* have been fondly named, in many of his other pieces; nay, we incline to believe that this latter may have been written, all but quite as well, by a man who, in place of genius, had only possessed talent.

Perhaps we may venture to say, that the most strictly poetical of all his "poems" is one which does not appear in Currie's Edition, but has been often printed before and since under the humble title of *The Jolly Beggars*.[2] The subject truly is among the lowest in Nature; but it only the more shows our Poet's gift in raising it into the domain of Art. To our minds, this piece seems thoroughly compacted; melted together, refined; and poured forth in one flood of true *liquid* harmony. It is light, airy, soft of movement; yet sharp and precise in its details; every face is a portrait: that *raucle*[3] *carlin*,[4] that *wee Apollo*,[5] that *Son of Mars*,[6] are Scottish, yet ideal; the scene is at once a dream, and the very Ragcastle of "Poosie[7]-Nansie." Farther, it seems in a considerable degree complete, a real self-supporting Whole, which is the highest merit in a poem. The blanket of the Night is drawn asunder for a moment; in full, ruddy, flaming light, these rough tatterdemalions are seen in their boisterous revel; for the strong

pulse of Life vindicates its right to gladness even here; and when the curtain closes, we prolong the action without effort; the next day as the last, our *Caird*[1] and our *Ballad-monger* are singing and soldiering; their "brats and callets"[2] are hawking, begging, cheating; and some other night, in new combinations, they will wring from Fate another hour of wassail[3] and good cheer. Apart from the universal sympathy with man which this again bespeaks in Burns, a genuine inspiration and no inconsiderable technical talent are manifested here. There is the fidelity, humor, warm life, and accurate painting and grouping of some Teniers,[4] for whom hostlers and carousing peasants are not without significance. It would be strange, doubtless, to call this the best of Burns's writings: we mean to say only, that it seems to us the most perfect of its kind, as a piece of poetical composition, strictly so called. In the *Beggars' Opera*,[5] in the *Beggars' Bush*,[6] as other critics have already remarked, there is nothing which, in real poetic vigor, equals this *Cantata*;[7] nothing, as we think, which comes within many degrees of it.

But by far the most finished, complete, and truly inspired pieces of Burns are, without dispute, to be found among his *Songs*. It is here that, although through a small aperture, his light shines with least obstruction, in its highest beauty and pure sunny clearness. The reason may be, that Song is a brief simple species of composition; and requires nothing so much for its perfection as genuine poetic feeling, genuine music of the heart.[8] Yet the Song has its rules equally with the Tragedy; rules which in most cases are poorly fulfilled, in many cases are not so much as felt. We might write a long essay on the Songs of Burns; which we reckon by far the best that Britain has yet produced:[9] for indeed, since the era of Queen Elizabeth, we know not that, by any other hand, aught truly worth attention has been

accomplished in this department. True, we have songs enough "by persons of quality;"[1] we have tawdry, hollow, wine-bred madrigals;[2] many a rhymed speech "in the flowing and watery vein of Ossorius[3] the Portugal Bishop," rich in sonorous words, and, for moral, dashed perhaps with some tint of a sentimental sensuality; all which many persons cease not from endeavoring to sing; though for most part, we fear, the music is but from the throat outwards, or at best from some region far enough short of the *Soul;* not in which, but in a certain inane Limbo[4] of the Fancy, or even in some vaporous debatable-land on the outskirts of the Nervous System, most of such madrigals and rhymed speeches seem to have originated.

With the Songs of Burns we must not name these things. Independently of the clear, manly, heartfelt sentiment that ever pervades *his* poetry, his Songs are honest in another point of view: in form, as well as in spirit. They do not *affect* to be set to music, but they actually and in themselves are music;[5] they have received their life, and fashioned themselves together, in the medium of Harmony,[6] as Venus rose[7] from the bosom of the sea. The story, the feeling, is not detailed, but suggested; not *said*, or spouted, in rhetorical completeness and coherence; but *sung*, in fitful gushes, in glowing hints, in fantastic breaks, in *warblings* not of the voice only, but of the whole mind. We consider this to be the essence of a song; and that no songs since the little careless catches, and as it were drops of song,[8] which Shakespeare has here and there sprinkled over his Plays, fulfill this condition in nearly the same degree as most of Burns's do. Such grace and truth of external movement, too, presupposes in general a corresponding force and truth of sentiment and inward meaning. The Songs of Burns are not more perfect in the former quality than in the latter. With what tenderness he sings, yet with what vehemence and entireness! There is a piercing wail in his sorrow, the

purest rapture in his joy; he burns with the sternest ire, or laughs with the loudest or slyest mirth; and yet he is sweet and soft, "sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet, and soft as their parting tear." If we farther take into account the immense variety of his subjects; how, from the loud, flowing revel in *Willie brew'd a Peck o' Maut*,[1] to the still, rapt enthusiasm of sadness for *Mary in Heaven*;[2] from the glad, kind greeting of *Auld Lang Syne*,[3] or the comic archness of *Duncan Gray*,[4] to the fire-eyed fury of *Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled*,[5] he has found a tone and words for every mood[6] of man's heart, — it will seem a small praise if we rank him as the first of all our Song-writers; for we know not where to find one worthy of being second to him.

It is on his Songs, as we believe, that Burns's chief influence as an author will ultimately be found to depend: nor, if our Fletcher's[7] aphorism[8] is true, shall we account this a small influence. "Let me make the songs of a people," said he, "and you shall make its laws."[9] Surely, if ever any Poet might have equaled himself with Legislators on this ground, it was Burns. His Songs are already part of the mother tongue, not of Scotland only but of Britain, and of the millions that in all ends of the earth speak a British language. In hut and hall, as the heart unfolds itself in many-colored joy and woe of existence, the *name*, the *voice*, of that joy and that woe is the name and voice[10] which Burns has given them. Strictly speaking, perhaps no British man has so deeply affected the thoughts and feelings of so many men as this solitary and altogether private individual, with means apparently the humblest.

In another point of view, moreover, we incline to think that Burns's influence may have been considerable: we mean, as exerted specially on the Literature of his country, at least on the Literature of Scotland. Among the great changes which British, particularly Scottish, literature has undergone since that period, one of the greatest will be

found to consist in its remarkable increase of nationality. Even the English writers, most popular in Burns's time, were little distinguished for their literary patriotism, in its best sense. A certain attenuated cosmopolitanism had, in good measure, taken place of the old insular home-feeling; literature was, as it were, without any local environment; was not nourished by the affections which spring from a native soil. Our Grays[1] and Glovers[2] seemed to write almost as if *in vacuo*;[3] the thing written bears no mark of place; it is not written so much for Englishmen, as for men; or rather, which is the inevitable result of this, for certain Generalizations which philosophy termed men. Goldsmith[4] is an exception: not so Johnson;[5] the scene of his *Rambler*[6] is little more English than that of his *Rasselas*.[7] But if such was, in some degree, the case with England, it was in the highest degree the case with Scotland. In fact, our Scottish literature had, at that period, a very singular aspect; unexampled, so far as we know, except perhaps at Geneva,[8] where the same state of matters appears still to continue. For a long period after Scotland became British,[9] we had no literature: at the date when Addison and Steele[10] were writing their *Spectators*,[11] our good John Boston[12] was writing, with the noblest intent, but alike in defiance of grammar and philosophy, his *Fourfold State of Man*. Then came the schisms in our national Church,[13] and the fiercer schisms in our Body Politic:[14] Theologic ink, and Jacobite[15] blood, with gall enough in both cases, seemed to have blotted out the intellect of the country: however, it was only obscured, not obliterated. Lord Kames[16] made nearly the first attempt at writing English; and, ere long, Hume,[17] Robertson,[18] Smith,[19] and a whole host of followers attracted hither the eyes of all Europe. And yet in this brilliant resuscitation of our "fervid genius," there was nothing truly Scottish, nothing indigenous except, perhaps, the natural impetuosity of intellect, which we sometimes

claim, and are sometimes upbraided with, as a characteristic of our nation. It is curious to remark that Scotland, so full of writers, had no Scottish culture, nor indeed any English; our culture was almost exclusively French. It was by studying Racine[1] and Voltaire,[2] Batteux[3] and Boileau,[4] that Kames had trained himself to be a critic and philosopher; it was the light of Montesquieu[5] and Mably[6] that guided Robertson in his political speculations; Quesnay's[7] lamp that kindled the lamp of Adam Smith. Hume was too rich a man to borrow; and perhaps he reacted on the French more than he was acted on by them: but neither had he aught to do with Scotland; Edinburgh, equally with La Flèche,[8] was but the lodging and laboratory, in which he not so much morally *lived*, as metaphysically *investigated*. Never, perhaps, was there a class of writers so clear and well ordered, yet so totally destitute, to all appearance, of any patriotic affection, nay of any human affection whatever. The French wits of the period were as unpatriotic: but their general deficiency in moral principles, not to say their avowed sensuality and unbelief in all virtue, strictly so called, render this accountable enough. We hope there is a patriotism founded on something better than prejudice;[9] that our country may be dear to us without injury to our philosophy; that in loving and justly prizing all other lands, we may prize justly, and yet love before all others, our own stern Motherland, and the venerable Structure of social and moral Life which Mind has through long ages been building up for us there. Surely there is nourishment for the better part of man's heart in all this: surely the roots that have fixed themselves in the very core of man's being may be so cultivated as to grow up not into briers, but into roses, in the field of his life! Our Scottish sages have no such propensities: the field of their life shows neither briers nor roses; but only a flat, continuous thrashing floor for Logic,[10] whereon all questions, from the "Doc-

trine of Rent" to the "Natural History of Religion," are thrashed and sifted with the same mechanical impartiality! With Sir Walter Scott[1] at the head of our literature, it cannot be denied that much of this evil is past, or rapidly passing away: our chief literary men, whatever other faults they may have, no longer live among us like a French Colony, or some knot of Propaganda[2] Missionaries; but like natural-born subjects of the soil, partaking and sympathizing in all our attachments, humors, and habits. Our literature no longer grows in water but in mold, and with the true racy virtues of the soil and climate. How much of this change may be due to Burns, or to any other individual, it might be difficult to estimate. Direct literary imitation of Burns was not to be looked for. But his example, in the fearless adoption of domestic subjects, could not but operate from afar; and certainly in no heart did the love of country ever burn with a warmer glow than in that of Burns: "a tide of Scottish prejudice,"[3] as he modestly calls this deep and generous feeling, "had been poured along his veins; and he felt that it would boil there till the flood-gates shut in eternal rest." It seemed to him, as if *he* could do so little for his country, and yet would so gladly have done all. One small province stood open for him, — that of Scottish Song; and how eagerly he entered on it, how devotedly he labored there! In his toilsome journeyings, this object never quits him; it is the little happy-valley[4] of his careworn heart. In the gloom of his own affliction, he eagerly searches after some lonely brother of the muse, and rejoices to snatch one other name from the oblivion that was covering it! These were early feelings, and they abode with him to the end: —

> . . . A wish (I mind its power),
> A wish, that to my latest hour
> Will strongly heave my breast, —
> That I, for poor auld Scotland's sake,

Some useful plan or book could make,
Or sing a sang at least.

The rough bur Thistle[1] spreading wide
Amang the bearded bear,[2]
I turn'd my weeding-clips aside,
And spared[3] the symbol dear.

V.

But to leave the mere literary character of Burns, which has already detained us too long. Far more interesting than any of his written works, as it appears to us, are his acted ones, the Life he willed and was fated to lead[4] among his fellow-men. These Poems are but like little rhymed fragments scattered here and there in the grand unrhymed Romance of his earthly existence; and it is only when intercalated[5] in this at their proper places, that they attain their full measure of significance. And this, too, alas, was but a fragment! The plan of a mighty edifice had been sketched; some columns, porticos, firm masses of building, stand completed; the rest more or less clearly indicated: with many a far-stretching tendency, which only studious and friendly eyes can now trace towards the purposed termination. For the work is broken off in the middle, almost in the beginning, and rises among us, beautiful and sad, at once unfinished and a ruin! If charitable judgment was necessary in estimating his Poems, and justice required that the aim and the manifest power to fulfill it must often be accepted for the fulfillment: much more is this the case in regard to his Life, the sum and result of all his endeavors, where his difficulties came upon him not in detail only, but in mass; and so much has been left unaccomplished, nay, was mistaken, and altogether marred.

Properly speaking, there is but one era in the life of Burns,[6] and that the earliest. We have not youth and man-

hood, but only youth: for, to the end, we discern no decisive change in the complexion of his character; in his thirty-seventh year, he is still, as it were, in youth.[1] With all that resoluteness of judgment, that penetrating insight and singular maturity of intellectual power exhibited in his writings, he never attains to any clearness regarding himself;[2] to the last, he never ascertains his peculiar aim, even with such distinctness as is common among ordinary men; and therefore never can pursue it with that singleness of will which insures success and some contentment to such men. To the last, he wavers between two purposes: 'glorying in his talent, like a true poet, he yet cannot consent to make this his chief and sole glory, and to follow it as the one thing needful, through poverty or riches, through good or evil report. Another far meaner ambition still cleaves to him; he must dream and struggle about a certain "Rock of Independence;" which, natural and even admirable as it might be, was still but a warring with the world, on the comparatively insignificant ground of his being more completely or less completely supplied with money than others; of his standing at a higher or at a lower altitude in general estimation than others. For the world still appears to him, as to the young, in borrowed colors:[3] he expects from it what it cannot give to any man; seeks for contentment, not within himself, in action and wise effort, but from without, in the kindness of circumstances, in love, friendship, honor, pecuniary ease. He would be happy, not actively and in himself, but passively and from some ideal cornucopia of Enjoyments, not earned by his own labor, but showered on him by the beneficence of Destiny. Thus, like a young man, he cannot gird himself up for any worthy, well-calculated goal, but swerves to and fro, between passionate hope and remorseful disappointment: rushing onwards with a deep tempestuous force, he surmounts or breaks asunder many a barrier; travels, nay advances far, but advancing only under

uncertain guidance, is ever and anon turned from his path; and to the last cannot reach the only true happiness[1] of a man, that of clear decided Activity in the sphere for which, by nature and circumstances, he has been fitted and appointed. We do not say these things in dispraise of Burns; nay, perhaps they but interest us the more in his favor. This blessing is not given soonest to the best; but rather, it is often the greatest minds that are latest in obtaining it; for where most is to be developed, most time may be required to develop it. A complex condition had been assigned him from without; as complex a condition from within: no "preëstablished harmony" existed between the clay soil of Mossgiel and the empyrean[2] soul of Robert Burns; it was not wonderful that the adjustment between them should have been long postponed, and his arm long cumbered, and his sight confused, in so vast and discordant an economy as he had been appointed steward over. Byron was, at his death, but a year younger than Burns, and through life, as it might have appeared, far more simply situated: yet in him too we can trace no such adjustment, no such moral manhood; but at best, and only a little before his end,[3] the beginning of what seemed such.

By much the most striking incident in Burns's Life is his journey to Edinburgh; but perhaps a still more important one is his residence at Irvine, so early as in his twenty-third year. Hitherto his life had been poor and toil-worn; but otherwise not ungenial, and, with all its distresses, by no means unhappy. In his parentage, deducting outward circumstances, he had every reason to reckon himself fortunate. His father[4] was a man of thoughtful, intense, earnest character, as the best of our peasants are; valuing knowledge, possessing some, and, what is far better and rarer, open-minded for more: a man with a keen insight and devout heart: reverent towards God, friendly therefore at once, and fearless towards all that God has made; in one word,

though but a hard-handed peasant, a complete and fully unfolded *Man*. Such a father is seldom found in any rank in society, and was worth descending far in society to seek. Unfortunately, he was very poor: had he been even a little richer, almost never so little, the whole might have issued far otherwise. Mighty events turn on a straw; the crossing of a brook[1] decides the conquest of the world. Had this William Burns's small seven acres of nursery ground anywise prospered, the boy Robert had been sent to school; had struggled forward, as so many weaker men do, to some university; come forth not as a rustic wonder, but as a regular well-trained intellectual workman, and changed the whole course of British Literature,[2] — for it lay in him to have done this! But the nursery did not prosper; poverty sank his whole family below the help of even our cheap school system. Burns remained a hard-worked plowboy, and British literature took its own course. Nevertheless, even in this rugged scene there is much to nourish him. If he drudges, it is with his brother, and for his father and mother, whom he loves and would fain shield from want. Wisdom is not banished from their poor hearth, nor the balm of natural feeling. The solemn words, *Let us worship God*,[3] are heard there from a "priest-like father:"[4] if threatenings of unjust men throw mother and children into tears, these are tears not of grief only, but of holiest affection; every heart in that humble group feels itself the closer knit to every other; in their hard warfare they are there together, a "little band of brethren." Neither are such tears, and the deep beauty that dwells in them, their only portion. Light visits the hearts as it does the eyes of all living: there is a force, too, in this youth, that enables him to trample on misfortune; nay, to bind it under his feet to make him sport. For a bold, warm, buoyant humor of character has been given him; and so the thick-coming shapes of evil are welcomed with a gay, friendly irony, and

in their closest pressure he bates no jot of heart or hope. Vague yearnings of ambition fail not, as he grows up; dreamy fancies hang like cloud-cities around him; the curtain of Existence is slowly rising, in many-colored splendor and gloom: and the auroral light of first love is gilding his horizon, and the music of song is on his path; and so he walks

> . . . in glory and in joy,
> Behind his plow, upon the mountain side.

We ourselves know, from the best evidence, that up to this date Burns was happy; nay, that he was the gayest, brightest, most fantastic, fascinating being to be found in the world;[1] more so even than he ever afterwards appeared. But now, at this early age, he quits the paternal roof; goes forth into looser, louder, more exciting society; and becomes initiated in those dissipations, those vices, which a certain class of philosophers have asserted to be a natural preparative for entering on active life; a kind of mud-bath,[2] in which the youth is, as it were, necessitated to steep, and, we suppose, cleanse himself, before the real toga of Manhood can be laid on him. We shall not dispute much with this class of philosophers; we hope they are mistaken: for Sin and Remorse so easily beset us at all stages of life, and are always such indifferent company, that it seems hard we should, at any stage, be forced and fated not only to meet but to yield to them, and even serve for a term in their leprous armada.[3] We hope it is not so. Clear we are, at all events, it cannot be the training one receives in this Devil's-service,[4] but only our determining to desert from it, that fits us for true manly Action. We become men, not after we have been dissipated, and disappointed in the chase of false pleasure; but after we have ascertained, in any way, what impassable barriers hem us in through this life; how mad it is to hope for contentment to our infinite soul from the *gifts* of this extremely finite world; that a

man must be sufficient for himself; and that for suffering and enduring there is no remedy but striving and doing. Manhood begins when we have in any way made truce with Necessity; begins even when we have surrendered to Necessity, as the most part only do; but begins joyfully and hopefully only when we have reconciled ourselves to Necessity, and thus, in reality, triumphed over it, and felt that in Necessity we are free. Surely, such lessons as this last, which, in one shape or other, is the grand lesson for every mortal man, are better learned from the lips of a devout mother, in the looks and actions of a devout father, while the heart is yet soft and pliant, than in collision with the sharp adamant of Fate,[1] attracting us to shipwreck us, when the heart is grown hard and may be broken before it will become contrite. Had Burns continued to learn this, as he was already learning it, in his father's cottage, he would have learned it fully, which he never did; and been saved many a lasting aberration, many a bitter hour and year of remorseful sorrow.

It seems to us another circumstance of fatal import in Burns's history, that at this time too he became involved in the religious quarrels of his district; that he was enlisted and feasted as the fighting man of the New-Light Priesthood, in their highly unprofitable warfare. At the tables of these free-minded clergy he learned much more than was needful[2] for him. Such liberal ridicule of fanaticism awakened in his mind scruples about Religion itself, and a whole world of Doubts, which it required quite another set of conjurers than these men to exorcise. We do not say that such an intellect as his could have escaped similar doubts at some period of his history; or even that he could, at a later period, have come through them altogether victorious and unharmed: but it seems peculiarly unfortunate that this time, above all others, should have been fixed for the encounter. For now, with principles assailed by evil

example from without, by "passions raging like demons"[1] from within, he had little need of skeptical misgivings to whisper treason in the heat of the battle, or to cut off his retreat if he were already defeated. He loses his feeling of innocence; his mind is at variance with itself; the old divinity no longer presides there; but wild Desires and wild Repentance alternately oppress him. Ere long, too, he has committed himself before the world; his character for sobriety, dear to a Scottish peasant as few corrupted worldlings can even conceive, is destroyed in the eyes of men; and his only refuge consists in trying to disbelieve his guiltiness, and is but a refuge of lies. The blackest desperation now gathers over him, broken only by red lightnings of remorse. The whole fabric of his life is blasted asunder; for now not only his character, but his personal liberty,[2] is to be lost; men and Fortune are leagued for his hurt; "hungry Ruin has him in the wind."[3] He sees no escape but the saddest of all: exile from his loved country to a country in every sense inhospitable and abhorrent to him. While the "gloomy night is gathering fast,"[4] in mental storm and solitude, as well as in physical, he sings his wild farewell to Scotland:

> Farewell, my friends; farewell, my foes!
> My peace with these, my love with those:
> The bursting tears my heart declare;
> Adieu, my native banks of Ayr!

Light breaks suddenly in on him in floods; but still a false transitory light, and no real sunshine. He is invited to Edinburgh; hastens thither with anticipating heart; is welcomed as in a triumph, and with universal blandishment and acclamation; whatever is wisest, whatever is greatest or loveliest there, gathers round him, to gaze on his face, to show him honor, sympathy, affection. Burns's appearance[5] among the sages and nobles of Edinburgh must be regarded as one of the most singular phenomena in

modern Literature; almost like the appearance of some Napoleon among the crowned sovereigns of modern Politics. For it is nowise as "a mockery king," set there by favor, transiently and for a purpose, that he will let himself be treated; still less is he a mad Rienzi,[1] whose sudden elevation turns his too weak head: but he stands there on his own basis; cool, unastonished, holding his equal rank from Nature herself; putting forth no claim which there is not strength *in* him, as well as about him, to vindicate. Mr. Lockhart has some forcible observations on this point. "It needs no effort of imagination," says he, "to conceive what the sensations of an isolated set of scholars (almost all either clergymen or professors) must have been in the presence of this big-boned, black-browed, brawny stranger, with his great flashing eyes, who, having forced his way among them from the plow-tail at a single stride, manifested in the whole strain of his bearing and conversation a most thorough conviction, that in the society of the most eminent men of his nation he was exactly where he was entitled to be; hardly deigned to flatter them by exhibiting even an occasional symptom of being flattered by their notice; by turns calmly measured himself against the most cultivated understandings of his time in discussion; overpowered the *bon-mots*[2] of the most celebrated convivialists by broad floods of merriment, impregnated with all the burning life of genius; astounded bosoms habitually enveloped in the thrice-piled folds of social reserve, by compelling them to tremble — nay, to tremble visibly — beneath the fearless touch of natural pathos; and all this without indicating the smallest willingness to be ranked among those professional ministers of excitement, who are content to be paid in money and smiles for doing what the spectators and auditors would be ashamed of doing in their own persons, even if they had the power of doing it; and last, and probably worst of all, who was known[3] to be in the habit of

enlivening societies which they would have scorned[1] to approach, still more frequently than their own, with eloquence no less magnificent; with wit, in all likelihood still more daring; often enough, as the superiors whom he fronted without alarm might have guessed from the beginning, and had ere long no occasion to guess, with wit pointed at themselves."

The farther we remove from this scene, the more singular will it seem to us: details of the exterior aspect of it are already full of interest. Most readers recollect Mr. Walker's[2] personal interviews with Burns as among the best passages of his Narrative: a time will come when this reminiscence of Sir Walter Scott's, slight though it is, will also be precious:

"As for Burns," writes Sir Walter, "I may truly say, *Virgilium vidi tantum*.[3] I was a lad of fifteen in 1786–7, when he came first to Edinburgh, but had sense and feeling enough to be much interested in his poetry, and would have given the world to know him: but I had very little acquaintance with any literary people, and still less with the gentry of the west country, the two sets that he most frequented. Mr. Thomas Grierson was at that time a clerk of my father's. He knew Burns, and promised to ask him to his lodgings to dinner; but had no opportunity to keep his word; otherwise I might have seen more of this distinguished man. As it was, I saw him one day at the late venerable Professor Ferguson's,[4] where there were several gentlemen of literary reputation, among whom I remember the celebrated Mr. Dugald Stewart. Of course, we youngsters sat silent, looked and listened. The only thing I remember which was remarkable in Burns's manner was the effect produced upon him by a print of Bunbury's,[5] representing a soldier lying dead on the snow, his dog sitting in misery on one side, — on the other, his widow, with a child in her arms. These lines were written beneath:

'Cold on Canadian hills, or Minden's[1] plain,
Perhaps that mother wept her soldier slain;
Bent o'er her babe, her eye dissolved in dew,
The big drops, mingling with the milk he drew,
Gave the sad presage of his future years,
The child of misery baptized in tears.'

"Burns seemed much affected by the print, or rather by the ideas which it suggested to his mind. He actually shed tears. He asked whose the lines were; and it chanced that nobody but myself remembered that they occur in a half-forgotten poem of Langhorne's[2] called by the unpromising title of 'The Justice of Peace.' I whispered my information to a friend present; he mentioned it to Burns, who rewarded me with a look and a word, which, though of mere civility, I then received, and still recollect, with very great pleasure.

"His person was strong and robust; his manners rustic, not clownish; a sort of dignified plainness and simplicity, which received part of its effect perhaps from one's knowledge of his extraordinary talents. His features are represented in Mr. Nasmyth's picture:[3] but to me it conveys the idea that they are diminished, as if seen in perspective. I think his countenance was more massive[4] than it looks in any of the portraits. I should have taken the poet, had I not known what he was, for a very sagacious country farmer of the old Scotch school; *i.e.*, none of your modern agriculturists who keep laborers for their drudgery, but the *douce gudeman*[5] who held his own plow. There was a strong expression of sense and shrewdness in all his lineaments; the eye alone, I think, indicated the poetical character and temperament. It was large, and of a dark cast, which glowed (I say literally *glowed*)[6] when he spoke with feeling or interest. I never saw such another eye in a human head, though I have seen the most distinguished men of my time. His conversation expressed perfect self-confidence, without the slightest presumption.—Among the men who were the most

learned of their time and country, he expressed himself with perfect firmness, but without the least intrusive forwardness; and when he differed in opinion, he did not hesitate to express it firmly, yet at the same time with modesty. I do not remember any part of his conversation distinctly enough to be quoted; nor did I ever see him again except in the street, where he did not recognize me, as I could not expect he should. He was much caressed in Edinburgh: but (considering what literary emoluments have been since his day) the efforts made for his relief were extremely trifling.

"I remember, on this occasion I mention, I thought Burns's acquaintance with English poetry was rather limited;[1] and also that, having twenty times the abilities of Allan Ramsay and of Ferguson, he talked of them with too much humility as his models: there was doubtless national predilection[2] in his estimate.

"This is all I can tell you about Burns. I have only to add that his dress corresponded with his manner. He was like a farmer dressed in his best to dine with the laird.[3] I do not speak *in malam partem*[4] when I say, I never saw a man in company with his superiors in station or information more perfectly free from either the reality or the affectation of embarrassment. I was told, but did not observe it, that his address to females was extremely deferential, and always with a turn either to the pathetic or humorous,[5] which engaged their attention particularly. I have heard the late Duchess of Gordon remark this. — I do not know anything I can add to these recollections of forty years since."

The conduct of Burns under this dazzling blaze of favor; the calm, unaffected, manly manner in which he not only bore it, but estimated its value, has justly been regarded as the best proof that could be given of his real vigor and integrity of mind. A little natural vanity, some touches of hypocritical modesty, some glimmerings of affectation, at least some fear of being thought affected, we could have

pardoned in almost any man; but no such indication is to be traced here. In his unexampled situation the young peasant is not a moment perplexed; so many strange lights do not confuse him, do not lead him astray. Nevertheless, we cannot but perceive that this winter did him great and lasting injury.[1] A somewhat clearer knowledge of men's affairs, scarcely of their characters, it did afford him; but a sharper feeling of Fortune's unequal arrangements in their social destiny it also left with him. He had seen the gay and gorgeous arena, in which the powerful are born to play their parts; nay, had himself stood in the midst of it; and he felt more bitterly than ever, that here he was but a looker-on, and had no part or lot in that splendid game. From this time a jealous indignant fear of social degradation takes possession of him; and perverts, so far as aught could pervert, his private contentment, and his feelings towards his richer fellows. It was clear to Burns that he had talent enough to make a fortune, or a hundred fortunes, could he but have rightly willed this; it was clear also that he willed something far different, and therefore could not make one. Unhappy it was that he had not power to choose the one and reject the other; but must halt forever between two opinions, two objects; making hampered advancement towards either. But so is it with many men: we "long for the merchandise, yet would fain keep the price;" and so stand chaffering with Fate, in vexatious altercation, till the night come, and our fair is over!

The Edinburgh Learned of that period were in general more noted for clearness of head than for warmth of heart: with the exception of the good old Blacklock,[2] whose help was too ineffectual, scarcely one among them seems to have looked at Burns with any true sympathy, or indeed much otherwise than as at a highly curious *thing*. By the great also he is treated in the customary fashion; entertained at their tables and dismissed: certain *modica*[3] of pudding and

praise are, from time to time, gladly exchanged for the fascination of his presence; which exchange once effected, the bargain is finished, and each party goes his several way. At the end of this strange season, Burns gloomily sums up his gains and losses, and meditates on the chaotic future. In money he is somewhat richer; in fame and the show of happiness, infinitely richer; but in the substance of it, as poor as ever. Nay, poorer; for his heart is now maddened still more with the fever of worldly Ambition; and through long years the disease will rack him with unprofitable sufferings, and weaken his strength for all true and nobler aims.

What Burns was next to do or to avoid — how a man so circumstanced was now to guide himself towards his true advantage — might at this point of time have been a question for the wisest. It was a question too, which apparently he was left altogether to answer for himself: of his learned or rich patrons it had not struck any individual to turn a thought on this so trivial matter. Without claiming for Burns the praise of perfect sagacity, we must say, that his Excise and Farm scheme[1] does not seem to us a very unreasonable one; that we should be at a loss, even now, to suggest one decidedly better. Certain of his admirers have felt scandalized at his ever resolving to *gauge*; and would have had him lie at the pool[2] till the spirit of Patronage[3] stirred the waters, that so, with one friendly plunge, all his sorrows might be healed. Unwise counselors! They know not the manner of this spirit; and how, in the lap of most golden dreams, a man might have happiness, were it not that in the interim he must die of hunger! It reflects credit on the manliness and sound sense of Burns, that he felt so early on what ground he was standing; and preferred self-help,[4] on the humblest scale, to dependence and inaction, though with hope of far more splendid possibilities. But even these possibilities were not rejected in his scheme: he might expect, if it chanced that he *had* any friend, to rise,

in no long period, into something even like opulence and leisure; while again, if it chanced that he had no friend, he could still live in security; and for the rest, he "did not intend to borrow honor from any profession." We reckon that his plan was honest and well-calculated: all turned on the execution of it. Doubtless it failed; yet not, we believe, from any vice inherent in itself. Nay, after all, it was no failure of external means, but of internal, that overtook Burns. His was no bankruptcy of the purse, but of the soul; to his last day, he owed no man anything.[1]

56 Meanwhile he begins well, with two good and wise actions. His donation to his mother, munificent from a man whose income had lately been seven pounds a year, was worthy of him, and not more than worthy. Generous also, and worthy of him, was the treatment of the woman[2] whose life's welfare depended on his pleasure. A friendly observer might have hoped serene days for him: his mind is on the true road to peace with itself: what clearness he still wants will be given him as he proceeds; for the best teacher of duties that still lie dim to us is the Practice of those we see and have at hand. Had the "patrons of genius," who could give him nothing, but taken nothing from him, at least nothing more! The wounds of his heart would have healed, vulgar ambition would have died away. Toil and Frugality would have been welcome, since Virtue dwelt with them; and Poetry would have shone through them as of old: and in her clear ethereal light, which was his own by birthright, he might have looked down on his earthly destiny, and all its obstructions, not with patience only, but with love.

57 But the patrons of genius would not have it so. Picturesque tourists,[3] all manner of fashionable danglers after literature, and, far worse, all manner of convivial Mæcenases,[4] hovered round him in his retreat; and his good as well as his weak qualities secured them influence over him.

He was flattered by their notice; and his warm social nature made it impossible for him to shake them off, and hold on his way apart from them. These men, as we believe, were proximately the means of his ruin.[1] Not that they meant him any ill; they only meant themselves a little good; if he suffered harm, let *him* look to it! But they wasted his precious time and his precious talent; they disturbed his composure, broke down his returning habits of temperance and assiduous contented exertion. Their pampering was baneful to him; their cruelty, which soon followed, was equally baneful. The old grudge against Fortune's inequality awoke with new bitterness in their neighborhood; and Burns had no retreat but to "the Rock of Independence;" which is but an air castle after all, that looks well at a distance, but will screen no one from real wind and wet. Flushed with irregular excitement, exasperated alternately by contempt of others, and contempt of himself, Burns was no longer regaining his peace of mind, but fast losing it forever. There was a hollowness at the heart of his life: for his conscience did not now approve what he was doing.

52 Amid the vapors of unwise enjoyment, of bootless remorse, and angry discontent with Fate, his true loadstar,[2] a life of Poetry with Poverty, nay with Famine if it must be so, was too often altogether hidden from his eyes. And yet he sailed a sea,[3] where without some such loadstar there was no right steering. Meteors[4] of French Politics rise before him, but these were not *his* stars. An accident this, which hastened, but did not originate, his worst distresses. In the mad contentions of that time, he comes in collision[5] with certain official Superiors; is wounded by them; cruelly lacerated, we should say, could a dead mechanical implement, in any case, be called cruel: and shrinks, in indignant pain, into deeper self-seclusion, into gloomier moodiness than ever. His life has now lost its unity: it is a life of

fragments; led with little aim, beyond the melancholy one of securing its own continuance, — in fits of wild false joy when such offered, and of black despondency when they passed away. His character before the world begins to suffer: calumny is busy with him; for a miserable man makes more enemies than friends. Some faults he has fallen into and a thousand misfortunes; but deep criminality is what he stands accused of, and they that are *not* without sin cast the first stone[1] at him! For is he not a well-wisher to the French Revolution, a Jacobin,[2] and therefore in that one act guilty of all?[3] These accusations, political and moral, it has since appeared, were false enough: but the world hesitated little to credit them. Nay, his convivial Mæcenases themselves were not the last to do it. There is reason to believe that, in his later years, the Dumfries aristocracy had partly withdrawn themselves from Burns, as from a tainted person, no longer worthy of their acquaintance. That painful class, stationed, in all provincial cities, behind the outmost breastwork of Gentility, there to stand siege and do battle against the intrusions of Grocerdom and Grazierdom, had actually seen dishonor in the society of Burns, and branded him with their veto; had, as we vulgarly say, *cut* him! We find one passage in this Work of Mr. Lockhart's, which will not out of our thoughts: "A gentleman of that county, whose name I have already more than once had occasion to refer to, has often told me that he was seldom more grieved, than when riding into Dumfries one fine summer's evening about this time to attend a county ball, he saw Burns walking alone on the shady side of the principal street of the town, while the opposite side was gay with successive groups of gentlemen and ladies, all drawn together for the festivities of the night, not one of whom appeared willing to recognize him. The horseman dismounted, and joined Burns, who on his proposing to cross the street said: 'Nay, nay, my young

friend, that's all over now;' and quoted, after a pause, some verses of Lady Grizzel Baillie's[1] pathetic ballad:

"'His bonnet stood ance fu' fair on his brow,
His auld ane look'd better than mony ane's new;
But now he lets 't wear ony way it will hing,[2]
And casts himsell dowie[3] upon the corn-bing.[4]
Oh, were we young as we ance hae been,
We sud[5] hae been galloping down on yon green,
And linking[6] it ower the lily-white lea!
And werena my heart light, I wad die.'

It was little in Burns's character to let his feelings on certain subjects escape in this fashion. He, immediately after reciting these verses, assumed the sprightliness of his most pleasing manner; and taking his young friend home with him, entertained him very agreeably[7] till the hour of the ball arrived."

Alas! when we think that Burns now sleeps "where bitter indignation can no longer lacerate his heart,"[8] and that most of those fair dames and frizzled gentlemen already lie at his side, where the breastwork of gentility is quite thrown down, — who would not sigh over the thin delusions and foolish toys that divide heart from heart, and make man unmerciful to his brother!

It was not now to be hoped that the genius of Burns would ever reach maturity, or accomplish aught worthy of itself. His spirit was jarred in its melody: not the soft breath of natural feeling, but the rude hand of Fate, was now sweeping over the strings. And yet what harmony was in him, what music even in his discords! How the wild tones had a charm for the simplest and the wisest; and all men felt and knew that here also was one of the Gifted! "If he entered an inn at midnight, after all the inmates were in bed, the news of his arrival circulated from the cellar to the garret; and ere ten minutes had elapsed, the landlord and all his guests were assembled!" Some

brief pure moments of poetic life were yet appointed him in the composition of his Songs. We can understand how he grasped at this employment; and how too, he spurned all other reward for it but what the labor itself brought him. For the soul of Burns, though scathed and marred, was yet living in its full moral strength, though sharply conscious of its errors and abasement: and here, in his destitution and degradation, was one act of seeming nobleness and self-devotedness left even for him to perform. He felt too, that with all the "thoughtless follies" that had "laid him low," the world was unjust and cruel to him; and he silently appealed to another and calmer time. Not as a hired soldier,[1] but as a patriot, would he strive for the glory of his country: so he cast from him the poor sixpence a-day, and served zealously as a volunteer. Let us not grudge him this last luxury of his existence; let him not have appealed to us in vain! The money was not necessary to him; he struggled through without it: long since, these guineas would have been gone, and now the high-mindedness[2] of refusing them will plead for him in all hearts forever.

We are here arrived at the crisis of Burns's life; for matters had now taken such a shape with him as could not long continue. If improvement was not to be looked for, Nature could only for a limited time maintain this dark and maddening warfare against the world and itself. We are not medically informed whether any continuance of years was, at this period, probable for Burns; whether his death is to be looked on as in some sense an accidental event, or only as the natural consequence of the long series of events that had preceded. The latter seems to be the likelier opinion; and yet it is by no means a certain one. At all events, as we have said, *some* change could not be very distant. Three gates of deliverance,[3] it seems to us, were open for Burns: clear poetical activity; madness; or death. The first, with longer life, was still possible, though

not probable; for physical causes[1] were beginning to be concerned in it: and yet Burns had an iron resolution; could he but have seen and felt, that not only his highest glory, but his first duty, and the true medicine for all his woes, lay here. The second was still less probable; for his mind was ever among the clearest and firmest. So the milder third gate was opened[2] for him: and he passed, not softly yet speedily, into that still country where the hail-storms and fire-showers do not reach, and the heaviest-laden wayfarer at length lays down his load!

VI.

Contemplating this sad end of Burns, and how he sank unaided by any real help, uncheered by any wise sympathy, generous minds have sometimes figured to themselves, with a reproachful sorrow, that much might have been done for him; that by counsel, true affection, and friendly ministrations[3] he might have been saved to himself and the world. We question whether there is not more tenderness of heart than soundness of judgment in these suggestions. It seems dubious to us whether the richest, wisest, most benevolent individual could have lent Burns any effectual help. Counsel, which seldom profits any one, he did not need; in his understanding, he knew the right from the wrong as well perhaps as any man ever did: but the persuasion which would have availed him lies not so much in the head as in the heart, where no arguments or expostulation could have assisted much to implant it. As to money again, we do not believe that this was his essential want; or well see how any private man could, even presupposing Burns's consent, have bestowed on him an independent fortune, with much prospect of decisive advantage. It is a mortifying truth,[4] that two men in any rank of society could hardly be found virtuous enough to give money, and to take it as a necessary

gift, without injury to the moral entireness of one or both. But so stands the fact: Friendship, in the old heroic sense of that term, no longer exists;[1] except in the cases of kindred or other legal affinity, it is in reality no longer expected, or recognized as a virtue, among men. A close observer of manners has pronounced "Patronage," that is, pecuniary or other economic furtherance, to be "twice cursed;"[2] cursing him that gives, and him that takes! And thus, in regard to outward matters also, it has become the rule, as in regard to inward it always was and must be the rule, that no one shall look for effectual help to another; but that each shall rest contented with what help he can afford himself. Such, we say, is the principle of modern Honor; naturally enough growing out of that sentiment of Pride which we inculcate and encourage as the basis of our whole social morality.[3] Many a poet has been poorer than Burns; but no one was ever prouder: we may question whether, without great precautions, even a pension from Royalty would not have galled and encumbered, more than actually assisted him.

55 Still less, therefore, are we disposed to join with another class of Burns's admirers, who accuse the higher ranks among us of having ruined Burns by their selfish neglect of him. We have already stated our doubts whether direct pecuniary help, had it been offered, would have been accepted, or could have proved very effectual. We shall readily admit, however, that much was to be done for Burns; that many a poisoned arrow might have been warded from his bosom; many an entanglement in his path cut asunder by the hand of the powerful; and light and heat, shed on him from high places, would have made his humble atmosphere more genial; and the softest heart then breathing[4] might have lived and died with some fewer pangs. Nay, we shall grant farther, and for Burns it is granting much,

that, with all his pride, he would have thanked, even with exaggerated gratitude, any one who had cordially befriended him: patronage, unless once cursed, needed not to have been twice so. At all events, the poor promotion he desired in his calling might have been granted: it was his own scheme, therefore likelier than any other to be of service. All this it might have been a luxury, nay it was a duty, for our nobility to have done. No part of all this, however, did any of them do, or apparently attempt or wish to do: so much is granted against them. But what then is the amount of their blame? Simply that they were men of the world, and walked by the principles of such men; that they treated Burns as other nobles and other commoners had done other poets; as the English did Shakespeare;[1] as King Charles and his Cavaliers did Butler; as King Philip[2] and his Grandees did Cervantes.[3] Do men gather grapes of thorns;[4] or shall we cut down our thorns for yielding only a *fence* and haws? How, indeed, could the "nobility and gentry of his native land" hold out any help to this "Scottish Bard, proud of his name and country"? Were the nobility and gentry so much as able rightly to help themselves? Had they not their game to preserve; their borough interests to strengthen; dinners, therefore, of various kinds to eat and give? Were their means more than adequate to all this business, or less than adequate? Less than adequate, in general; few of them in reality were richer than Burns; many of them were poorer; for sometimes they had to wring their supplies, as with thumbscrews, from the hard land, and, in their need of guineas, to forget their duty of mercy; which Burns was never reduced to do. Let us pity and forgive them. The game they preserved and shot, the dinners they ate and gave, the borough interests they strengthened, the *little* Babylons[5] they severally builded by the glory of their might, are all melted or melting back into the primeval Chaos, as man's merely selfish

endeavors are fated to do: and here was an action, extending, in virtue of its wordly influence, we may say, through all time; in virtue of its moral nature, beyond all time, being immortal as the Spirit of Goodness itself: this action was offered them to do, and light was not given them to do it. Let us pity and forgive them. But better than pity, let us go and *do otherwise*.[1] Human suffering did not end with the life of Burns; neither was the solemn mandate,[2] "Love one another, bear one another's burdens," given to the rich only, but to all men. True, we shall find no Burns to relieve, to assuage[3] by our aid or our pity; but celestial natures, groaning under the fardels[4] of a weary life, we shall still find; and that wretchedness which Fate has rendered *voiceless* and *tuneless* is not the least wretched, but the most.

Still, we do not think that the blame of Burns's failure lies chiefly with the world. The world, it seems to us, treated him with more rather than with less kindness than it usually shows to such men. It has ever, we fear, shown but small favor to its Teachers:[5] hunger and nakedness, perils and revilings, the prison, the cross, the poison chalice[6] have in most times and countries been the market-price it has offered for Wisdom, the welcome[7] with which it has greeted those who have come to enlighten and purify it. Homer[8] and Socrates[9] and the Christian Apostles[10] belong to old days; but the world's Martyrology was not completed with these. Roger Bacon[11] and Galileo[12] languish in priestly dungeons; Tasso[13] pines in the cell of a mad-house; Camoens[14] dies begging on the streets of Lisbon. So neglected, so "persecuted they the Prophets,"[15] not in Judea only, but in all places where men have been. We reckon that every poet of Burns's order is, or should be, a prophet and teacher to his age; that he has no right to expect great kindness from it, but rather is bound to do it great kindness; that Burns, in particular, experienced fully the usual proportion of the

world's goodness; and that the blame of his failure, as we have said, lies not chiefly with the world.

Where, then, does it lie? We are forced to answer, With himself; it is his inward, not his outward misfortunes that bring him to the dust. Seldom, indeed, is it otherwise; seldom is a life morally wrecked but the grand cause lies in some internal mal-arrangement, some want less of good fortune than of good guidance. Nature fashions no creature without implanting in it the strength needful for its action and duration; least of all does she so neglect her masterpiece and darling, the poetic soul. Neither can we believe that it is in the power of *any* external circumstances utterly to ruin the mind of a man; nay, if proper wisdom be given him, even so much as to affect its essential health and beauty. The sternest sum-total[1] of all worldly misfortunes is Death; nothing more *can* lie in the cup of human woe: yet many men, in all ages, have triumphed over Death,[2] and led it captive; converting its physical victory into a moral victory for themselves, into a seal and immortal consecration for all that their past life had achieved. What has been done may be done again: nay, it is but the degree and not the kind of such heroism that differs in different seasons; for without some portion of this spirit, not of boisterous daring, but of silent fearlessness, of Self-denial in all its forms, no good man, in any scene or time, has ever attained to be good.

We have already stated the error of Burns; and mourned over it, rather than blamed it. It was the want of unity in his purposes, of consistency in his aims; the hapless attempt to mingle in friendly union the common spirit of the world with the spirit of poetry, which is of a far different and altogether irreconcilable nature. Burns was nothing wholly; and Burns could be nothing — no man formed as he was can be anything — by halves. The heart, not of a mere hot-blooded, popular Verse-monger, or poetical *Res-*

taurateur,[1] but of a true Poet and Singer, worthy of the old religious heroic times, had been given him; and he fell in an age, not of heroism and religion, but of skepticism, selfishness, and triviality, when true Nobleness was little understood, and its place supplied by a hollow, dissocial, altogether barren and unfruitful principle of Pride. The influences of that age, his open, kind, susceptible nature, to say nothing of his highly untoward situation, made it more than usually difficult for him to cast aside, or rightly subordinate;[2] the better spirit that was within him ever sternly demanded its rights, its supremacy: he spent his life in endeavoring to reconcile these two;[3] and lost it, as he must lose it, without reconciling them.

Burns was born poor; and born also to continue poor, for he would not endeavor to be otherwise: this it had been well could he have once for all admitted, and considered as finally settled. He was poor, truly; but hundreds even of his own class and order of minds have been poorer, yet have suffered nothing deadly from it: nay, his own father had a far sorer battle with ungrateful destiny than his was;[4] and he did not yield to it, but died courageously warring, and to all moral intents prevailing, against it. True, Burns had little means, had even little time for poetry, his only real pursuit and vocation; but so much the more precious was what little he had. In all these external respects his case was hard; but very far from the hardest. Poverty, incessant drudgery and much worse evils, it has often been the lot of Poets and wise men to strive with, and their glory to conquer. Locke[5] was banished as a traitor; and wrote his *Essay on the Human Understanding* sheltering himself in a Dutch garret. Was Milton rich or at his ease when he composed *Paradise Lost?* Not only low, but fallen from a height; not only poor, but impoverished; in darkness[6] and with dangers compassed round, he sang his immortal song,[7] and found fit audience, though few. Did

not Cervantes finish his work, a maimed soldier and in prison? Nay, was not the *Araucana*,[1] which Spain acknowledges as its Epic, written without even the aid of paper, on scraps of leather, as the stout fighter and voyager snatched any moment from that wild warfare?

And what, then, had these men, which Burns wanted? Two things; both which, it seems to us, are indispensable for such men. They had a true, religious principle of morals; and a single, not a double aim in their activity. They were not self-seekers and self-worshipers; but seekers and worshipers of something far better than Self. Not personal enjoyment was their object; but a high, heroic idea[2] of Religion, of Patriotism, of heavenly Wisdom,[3] in one or the other form, ever hovered before them; in which cause they neither shrank from suffering, nor called on the earth to witness it as something wonderful; but patiently endured, counting it blessedness enough so to spend and be spent. Thus the "golden calf[4] of Self-love," however curiously carved, was not their Deity; but the Invisible Goodness, which alone is man's reasonable service.[5] This feeling was as a celestial fountain, whose streams refreshed into gladness and beauty all the provinces of their otherwise too desolate existence. In a word, they willed one thing to which all other things were subordinated and made subservient; and therefore they accomplished it. The wedge will rend rocks: but its edge must be sharp and single: if it be double, the wedge is bruised in pieces and will rend nothing.

Part of this superiority these men owed to their age; in which heroism and devotedness were still practiced, or at least not yet disbelieved in: but much of it likewise they owed to themselves. With Burns, again, it was different. His morality, in most of its practical points, is that of a mere worldly man: enjoyment, in a finer or coarser shape, is the only thing he longs and strives for.[6] A noble instinct sometimes raises him above this; but an instinct only, and

acting only for moments. He has no Religion;[1] in the shallow age where his days were cast, Religion was not discriminated from the New and Old Light *forms* of Religion; and was, with these, becoming obsolete in the minds of men. His heart, indeed, is alive with a trembling adoration, but there is no temple in his understanding. He lives in darkness and in the shadow of doubt. His religion, at best, is an anxious wish; like that of Rabelais,[2] "a great Perhaps."

He loved Poetry warmly, and in his heart; could he but have loved it purely, and with his whole undivided heart, it had been well. For Poetry, as Burns could have followed it, is but another form of Wisdom, of Religion; is itself Wisdom and Religion. But this also was denied him. His poetry is a stray, vagrant gleam, which will not be extinguished within him, yet rises not to be the true light of his path, but is often a wildfire that misleads him. It was not necessary for Burns to be rich, to be or to seem "independent;" but it *was* necessary for him to be at one with his own heart; to place what was highest in his nature highest also in his life; "to seek within himself for that consistency and sequence which external events would forever refuse him." He was born a poet; poetry was the celestial element of his being, and should have been the soul of his whole endeavors. Lifted into that serene ether,[3] whither he had wings given him to mount, he would have needed no other elevation: poverty, neglect and all evil, save the desecration of himself and his Art, were a small matter to him; the pride and the passions of the world lay far beneath his feet; and he looked down alike on noble and slave, on prince and beggar and all that wore the stamp of man, with clear recognition, with brotherly affection, with sympathy, with pity. Nay, we question whether, for his culture as a Poet, poverty and much suffering for a season were not absolutely advantageous. Great men, in looking back over their lives, have testified to that effect. "I would

not for much," says Jean Paul,[1] "that I had been born richer." And yet Paul's birth was poor enough; for, in another place, he adds, "The prisoner's allowance is bread and water; and I had often only the latter." But the gold that is refined in the hottest furnace comes out the purest; or, as he himself expressed it, "the canary bird sings sweeter the longer it has been trained in a darkened cage."

64 A man like Burns might have divided his hours between poetry and virtuous industry; industry which all true feeling sanctions, nay prescribes, and which has a beauty, for that cause, beyond the pomp of thrones: but to divide his hours between poetry and rich men's banquets was an ill-starred and inauspicious attempt. How could he be at ease at such banquets? What had he to do there, mingling his music with the coarse roar of altogether earthly voices; brightening the thick smoke of intoxication with fire lent him from heaven?[2] Was it his aim to *enjoy* life? To-morrow he must go drudge as an Exciseman! We wonder not that Burns became moody, indignant, and at times an offender against certain rules of society; but rather that he did not grow utterly frantic, and run *amuck*[3] against them all. How could a man, so falsely placed by his own or others' fault, ever know contentment or peaceable diligence for an hour? What he did, under such perverse guidance, and what he forbore to do, alike fill us with astonishment at the natural strength and worth of his character.

65 Doubtless there was a remedy for this perverseness; but not in others; only in himself; least of all in simple increase of wealth and worldly "respectability." We hope we have now heard enough about the efficacy of wealth for poetry and to make poets happy. Nay, have we not seen another instance of it in these very days? Byron,[4] a man of an endowment considerably less ethereal than that of Burns,[5] is born in the rank not of a Scottish plowman but of an English peer: the highest worldly honors,[6] the fairest

worldly career, are his by inheritance; the richest harvest of fame he soon reaps, in another province, by his own hand. And what does all this avail him? Is he happy, is he good, is he true? Alas, he has a poet's soul, and strives towards the Infinite and the Eternal; and soon feels that all this is but mounting to the house-top to reach the stars! Like Burns, he is only a proud man; might, like him, have "purchased a pocket copy of Milton to study the character of Satan;" for Satan also is Byron's grand exemplar, the hero of his poetry, and the model apparently of his conduct. As in Burns's case too, the celestial element will not mingle with the clay of earth; both poet and man of the world he must not be; vulgar Ambition will not live kindly with poetic Adoration; he *cannot* serve God and Mammon.[1] Byron, like Burns, is not happy; nay, he is the most wretched of all men. His life is falsely arranged: the fire that is in him is not a strong, still, central fire, warming into beauty the products of a world; but it is the mad fire of a volcano; and now — we look sadly into the ashes of a crater, which ere long will fill itself with snow!

Byron and Burns were sent forth as missionaries to their generation, to teach it a higher Doctrine, a purer Truth; they had a message to deliver, which left them no rest till it was accomplished; in dim throes of pain, this divine behest lay smoldering within them; for they knew not what it meant, and felt it only in mysterious anticipation, and they had to die without articulately uttering it. They are in the camp of the Unconverted; yet not as high messengers of rigorous though benignant truth, but as soft flattering singers, and in pleasant fellowship, will they live there: they are first adulated, then persecuted; they accomplish little for others; they find no peace for themselves, but only death and the peace of the grave. We confess, it is not without a certain mournful awe that we view the fate of these noble souls, so richly gifted, yet ruined to so

little purpose with all their gifts. It seems to us there is a stern moral taught in this piece of history,— *twice* told us in our own time! Surely to men of like genius, if there be any such, it carries with it a lesson of deep, impressive significance. Surely it would become such a man, furnished for the highest of all enterprises, that of being the Poet of his Age, to consider well what it is that he attempts, and in what spirit he attempts it. For the words of Milton[1] are true in all times and were never truer than in this, "He who would write heroic poems must make his whole life a heroic poem." If he cannot first so make his life, then let him hasten from this arena; for neither its lofty glories nor its fearful perils are fit for him. Let him dwindle into a modish balladmonger; let him worship and besing the idols of the time, and the time will not fail to reward him, if, indeed, he can endure to live in that capacity! Byron and Burns could not live as idol-priests, but the fire of their own hearts consumed them; and better it was for them that they could not. For it is not in the favor of the great or of the small, but in a life of truth, and in the inexpugnable citadel of his own soul, that a Byron's or a Burns's strength must lie. Let the great stand aloof from him, or know how to reverence him! Beautiful is the union of wealth with favor and furtherance for literature; like the costliest flower jar enclosing the loveliest amaranth. Yet let not the relation be mistaken. A true poet is not one whom they can hire by money or flattery to be a minister of their pleasures, their writer of occasional verses, their purveyor of table wit; he cannot be their menial, he cannot even be their partisan. At the peril of both parties, let no such union be attempted! Will a Courser of the Sun[2] work softly in the harness of a Dray-horse? His hoofs are of fire, and his path is through the heavens, bringing light to all lands; will he lumber on mud highways, dragging ale for earthly appetites from door to door?

But we must stop short in these considerations, which would lead us to boundless lengths. We had something to say on the public moral character of Burns; but this also we must forbear. We are far from regarding him as guilty before the world, as guiltier than the average; nay, from doubting that he is less guilty than one of ten thousand. Tried at a tribunal far more rigid than that where the *Plebiscita*[1] of common civic reputations are pronounced, he has seemed to us even there less worthy of blame than of pity and wonder. But the world is habitually unjust in its judgments of such men; unjust on many grounds, of which this one may be stated as the substance: It decides, like a court of law, by dead statutes; and not positively but negatively, less on what is done right than on what is or is not done wrong. Not the few inches of deflection from the mathematical orbit, which are so easily measured, but the *ratio* of these to the whole diameter, constitutes the real aberration. This orbit may be a planet's, its diameter the breadth of the solar system; or it may be a city hippodrome;[2] nay, the circle of a gin-horse:[3] its diameter,[4] a score of feet or paces. But the inches of deflection only are measured: and it is assumed that the diameter of the gin-horse, and that of the planet, will yield the same ratio[5] when compared with them! Here lies the root of many a blind, cruel condemnation of Burnses, Swifts,[6] Rousseaus,[7] which one never listens to with approval. Granted, the ship comes into harbor with shrouds and tackle damaged; the pilot is blameworthy; he has not been all-wise and all-powerful: but to know *how* blameworthy, tell us first whether his voyage has been round the Globe, or only to Ramsgate[8] and the Isle of Dogs.[9]

With our readers in general, with men of right feeling anywhere, we are not required to plead for Burns. In pitying admiration he lies enshrined in all our hearts,[10] in a far nobler mausoleum than that one of marble; neither will his Works, even as they are, pass away from the memory of

men. While the Shakespeares and Miltons roll on like mighty rivers through the country of Thought, bearing fleets of traffickers and assiduous pearl fishers[1] on their waves; this little Valclusa[2] Fountain will also arrest our eye: for this also is of Nature's own and most cunning workmanship, bursts from the depths of the earth, with a full gushing current, into the light of day; and often will the traveler turn aside to drink of its clear waters, and muse among its rocks and pines!

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BURNS.

For facts and critical comments in regard to the life and works of Burns, the following may be found useful:

Chambers's *Life and Works of Robert Burns* (4 vols.); Chambers's *Biographical Dictionary of Eminent Scotchmen*; Paterson's *Works of Robert Burns* (6 vols.); the lives or memoirs of Burns by Lockhart, Currie, Cunningham, Blackie, Shairp, Setoun, Leslie Stephen (in *National Dictionary of Biography*, etc.). See also *Genius and Character of Burns*, by Prof. Wilson; *Literary History of England*, etc., by Mrs. Oliphant; *Literature of the European Era*, by Minto; Ward's *English Poets; Encyclopædia Britannica*, and the other cyclopedias; Taine's, Angus's, Morley's (Tyler's ed.), and the other treatises on *English Literature;* articles in the *Edinburgh Review*, Vols. 13, 48; *London Quarterly*, 1st Vol.; Stevenson's *Familiar Studies of Men and Books;* and other essays mentioned in Poole's *Index*. See also Allibone's *Dictionary of Authors;* Emerson's *Miscellanies;* Hawthorne's *Our Old Home;* Henley and Henderson's *Poetry of Burns;* the *Camelot Classics;* Shairp's *Aspects of Poetry*, etc.

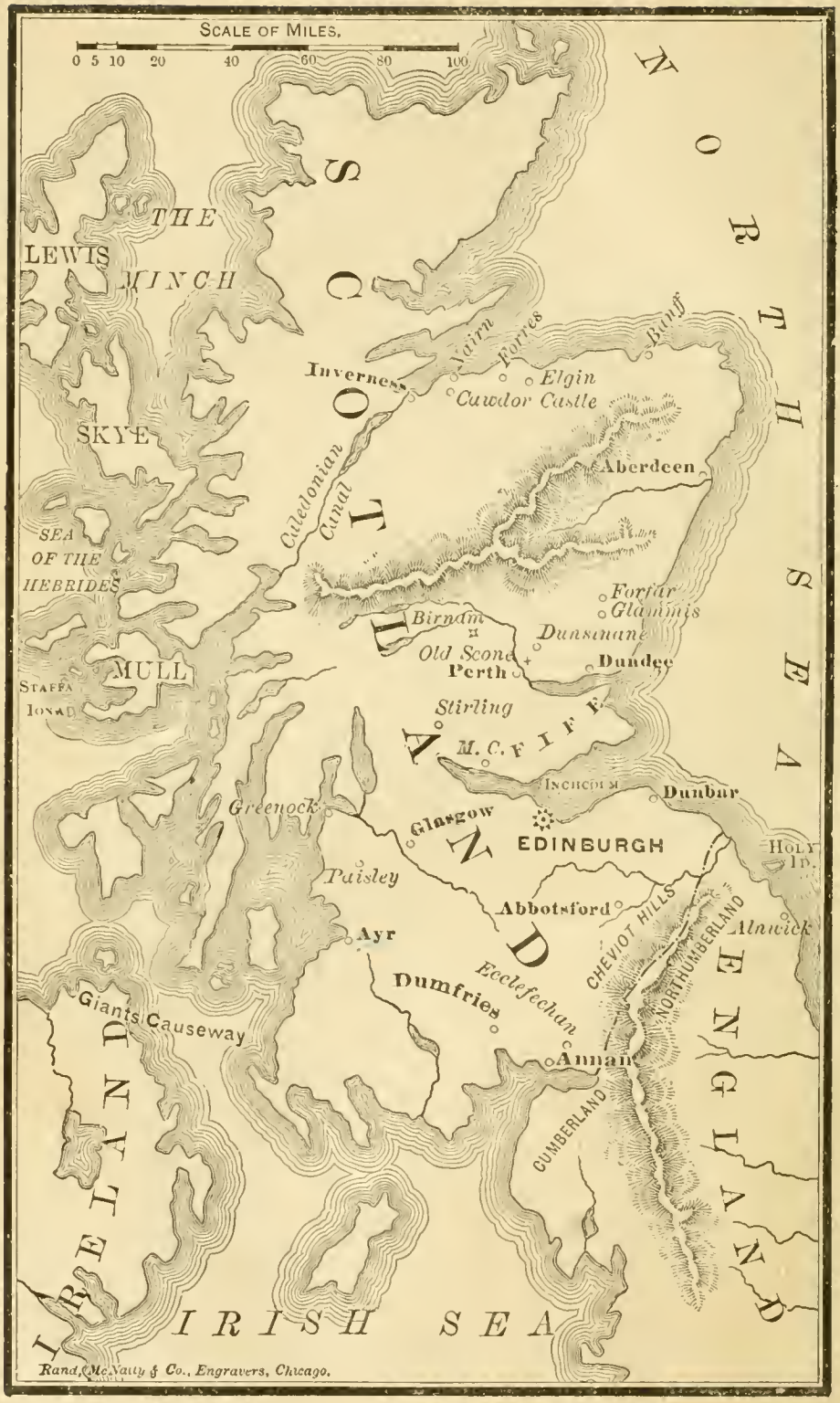
The student who cares to traverse and survey a still wider field of criticism on Burns and his works, and particularly on *Tam o' Shanter* and the *Cotter's Saturday Night*, will do well to examine

the long lists in Welsh's *English Masterpiece Course*, pp. 118–121, published by Silver, Burdett & Company, Boston, New York, and Chicago.

CARLYLE.

Life of Carlyle, by Garnett ("Great Writers" Series); by Stephen ("National Dictionary of Biography"); and by Nichol ("English Men of Letters" Series). See Bayne's *Lessons from My Masters, Carlyle, Tennyson, and Ruskin;* Japp's *Three Great Teachers of Our Own Time;* Masson's *Carlyle Personally and in His Writings;* Symington's *Personal Reminiscences of Carlyle;* Hutton's *Modern Guides of English Thought in Matters of Faith;* Froude's *Life of Thomas Carlyle* (4 vols.); and Norton's *Correspondence* (of Carlyle with Emerson, Goethe, etc.), *Letters*, and *Reminiscences.* See, too, Adams's *Dictionary of English Literature;* Minto's *Manual of English Prose Literature;* Morley's *Critical Miscellanies;* Matthew Arnold's *Discourses in America* (the lecture on Emerson); and magazine articles in Poole's *Index to Periodical Literature.* The student who wishes to go still deeper into what we may term "Carlyleana" will find a carefully prepared list of critics and commentators, with full references, in Welsh's *English Masterpiece Course*, pp. 190, 191.

Among the critical commentaries, perhaps the most noteworthy is that of Taine in his *English Literature* (Van Laun's translation, Vol. 2, p. 436 *et seq.*). He gives Carlyle forty pages characterized by keen insight, vivid imagination, and masterly eloquence; yet, like everything of Taine's, it is "Frenchy": we feel that in Carlyle's soul there are depths which the great French critic never penetrated. For a just and intelligent estimate of the relations that existed between Carlyle and his wife see the work of the Oliphants (*The Victorian Age of English Literature*).


SCALE OF MILES.
0 5 10 20 40 60 80 100
NORTH SEA
SCOTLAND
THE LEWIS
MINCH
SKYE
SEA OF THE HEBRIDES
MULL
STAFFA
IONA
Inverness
Nairn
Forres
Elgin
Cawdor Castle
Banff
Aberdeen
Caledonian Canal
Forfar
Glammis
Birnam
Dunsinane
Old Scone
Perth
Dundee
Stirling
ARGYLL
M.C. FIFE
INCHCOLM
Dunbar
Greenock
Glasgow
EDINBURGH
HOLY I.
Paisley
Abbotsford
Alnwick
Ayr
CHEVIOT HILLS
NORTHUMBERLAND
Eccleſechan
Dumfries
Giants Causeway
Annan
CUMBERLAND
ENGLAND
IRELAND
IRISH SEA
Rand, McNally & Co., Engravers, Chicago.

NOTES.

ABBREVIATIONS.

The following abbreviations are used in the Notes. Those [illegible] g to the titles of books in the Bible and of Shakespeare's p[illegible]dly need explanation.

Ante, earlier in this book.
Ar., Arabic.
A.S., Anglo-Saxon.
Beaum., Beaumont.
B.C., before Christ.
Biog., biography.
Brachet, "Brachet's French Etymological Dictionary."
Celt., Celtic.
Cent., Century (Dictionary).
Class., Classical (Dictionary).
Comus, Milton's "Masque of Comus."
Cot. Fr. Dict., Cotgrave's "French Dictionary."
Cyclop., Cyclopedia.
Dan., Danish.
Dict., Dictionary.
Du., Dutch.
E., English or early.
Ed., edition.
Eng., English.
Etc., *et cetera*, and the rest.
Et seq., *et sequentia*, and the following.
Faerie Q., Spenser's "Fairy Queen."
fr., from.
Fr., French.
Furness, Furness's "Variorum Edition."
Gael., Gaelic.
G., or Germ., German
Gr., Greek.
Heb., Hebrew.
Hist., History.
Ib., or *ibid.*, *ibidem*, in same.
Icel., Icelandic.
Id., *idem*, the same.
I.e., *id est*, that is.
Int. Dict., "Webster's International Dictionary."
Ital., Italian.
Lat., Latin.
Lit., Literature.
Mid. Eng., Middle English (about 1350–1550).
Nat., National.
New E[illegible] Murray's "N[illegible]a Dictionar[illegible]
O.
O[illegible]e.
[illegible]nal, or originally.
[illegible], "Paradise Lost."
[illegible]g., "Paradise Reed."
[illegible], later in this book.
[illegible]s., present (in grammar).
Q. v., *quod* (or *quem*) *vide*, which (or whom) see.
S., or Sh., or Shakes., Shakespeare.
Sing., singular (in grammar).
Skeat, Skeat's "Etymological Dictionary of the English Language."
Univ., Universal.
Var. Ed., "Variorum Edition."
Wb., "Webster's Dictionary."
Worc., "Worcester's Dictionary."

Page 39. 1. "Butler" (Samuel, 1612–1680), "the glory and the scandal of the age," wrote "Hudibras," a merciless satire upon the Puritans, often characterized as "the best burlesque poem in the language." Dryden, begging the payment of his own salary, wrote, "It is enough for one age to have neglected Mr. Cowley and starved Mr. Butler." Other facts about Butler? — "ask for bread," etc. Matthew vii. 9.

2. "spinning-jenny." Invented by James Hargreaves in 1767, it threw out of employment many weavers, who drove him from Lancashire. He died in poverty in 1778. Is Carlyle, then, right in his assertion?

3. "Like the apostle," etc. Luke iv. 24; xi. 49; etc.

4. "aggravation," etc. How so?

5. "retribution." Lat. *re*, back, *tribuĕre*, to pay; *retribuĕre*, to requite. Matthew xxiii. 29.

6 "Robert Burns," etc. The essay was written in 1828. How old would Burns have been at the time?

7. "prime of his manhood," etc. Age at death?

8. "brave." See Sprague's edition of "The Tempest," I. ii. 6.

9. "mausoleum." Named from Mausōlus, king of Caria, B.C. 377–353. See "Class. Dict."

10. "shines." Sarcasm? — "Huge, cumbrous, unsightly," its dome covered with tin, it stands in an angle of St. Michael's churchyard at Dumfries. The monuments in memory of him at Ayr and Edinburgh are better.

11. "Sixth." There were more than five before, of which the most important were those by Currie, Walker, Cromek, Heron, and Paterson. — By a word, or phrase, or very brief sentence, characterize the contents of this paragraph.

12. "Lockhart" (John Gibson, 1794–1854), son-in-law and biographer of Sir Walter Scott, wrote "The Life of Robert Burns," which gave rise to Carlyle's essay.

Page 40. 1. "No man . . . valet." This saying, often attributed to Madame de Sévigné (1626–1696), is perhaps traceable to Plutarch (A.D. 50–120).

2. "Lucy's," etc. About the year 1690 Thomas Betterton, the actor (1635–1710), picked up at Stratford a tradition that young Shakespeare was engaged by his frolicsome companions in the robbery of Sir Thomas Lucy's park of deer near Charlecote Hall, three miles from Stratford. In 1789 the dramatic editor, Nicholas Rowe, in his account of Shakespeare, on the authority of Betterton relates this tradition; and also that Shakespeare sportively proposed as an epitaph on John-a-Combe, a Stratford gentleman noted for his wealth and usury, the following: —

> "Ten-in-the-Hundred lies here ingrav'd;
> 'Tis a hundred to ten his soul is not sav'd.
> If any man asks, 'Who lies in this tomb?'
> 'Oh, ho!' quoth the Devil, ''tis my John-a-Combe.'"

(*i.e.* my John has come!) See Halliwell-Phillipps' "Outlines," I., Preface, xii.; pp. 67–76; also II. 76, for other facts of interest here.

3. "bowels" = hearts? Colossians iii. 12. Metaphor found in the original Greek, the bowels being the supposed seat of mercy. Unabridged dictionaries, particularly the "New Eng. Dict." of Murray.

4. "Excise." Internal revenue? — "Caledonian Hunt." Caledonia is the old Latin name of the territory of the Britons in the Highlands or northwest of Scotland. The "Caledonian Hunt" was an organization of many of the nobility and gentry, and to it Burns dedicated the first Edinburgh edition of his poems. — "Ayr writers." In Scotland, "writer" often means lawyer, attorney, or chief clerk, who prepares warrants, writs, etc.

5. "New and Old Light Clergy." Hostile theological parties; progressives *v.* conservatives. The state church (Presbyterian) was divided into two hostile camps. Burns sided with the radicals against the strict Calvinists, whom he bitterly satirizes in several poems.

6. "difficult to measure him," etc.

> "Every age
> Appears to souls who live in it (ask Carlyle)
> Most unheroic. . . . Every age,
> Through being beheld too close, is ill discerned
> By those who have not lived past it. We'll suppose
> Mount Athos carved, as Persian Xerxes schemed,
> To some colossal statue of a man:
> The peasants gathering brushwood in his ear,
> Had guessed as little of any human form
> Up there, as would a flock of browsing goats.
> They'd have, in fact, to travel ten miles off
> Or ere the giant image broke on them."
>
> — Mrs. Browning.

"Dr. Currie" (James, 1756–1805), a Scottish physician. He published in 1800, for the benefit of Burns's widow and orphans, a good edition of "Burns."

Page 41. 1. "Walker" (Josiah), a fine scholar, native of Ayrshire. His memoir of Burns was prefixed to a volume of the poems in 1811. — "in the same kind." Correct use of *kind?* Sprague's "Hamlet," I. ii. 65.

2. "not painting a portrait," etc. Says Goldsmith (preface to his "Chinese Letters," 1763), "The schoolmen had formerly a very exact way of computing the abilities of their saints and authors. Escobar,

for instance, was said to have learning as five, genius as four, and gravity as seven. Caramuel was greater than he. His learning was as eight, his genius as six, and his gravity as thirteen. Were I to estimate the merits of our Chinese Philosopher by the same scale, I would not hesitate to state his genius still higher; but as to his learning and gravity, these, I think, might safely be marked as nine hundred and ninety-nine, within one degree of absolute frigidity."

3. "Constable" (Archibald, 1774–1827) was the noted Edinburgh publisher with whom Sir Walter Scott was unfortunately a partner. His "Miscellany" was a series of cheap reprints of standard works for popular reading. See Lockhart's "Life of Scott."

Page 42. 1. "Birkbeck" in 1818 published "Notes of a Journey in America from the coast of Virginia to the Territory of Illinois." He blames the Americans for laziness, but extols them to the skies for their uniform courtesy and politeness.

2. "backwoods." In "Carlyle" this term includes almost all of America, except a narrow fringe along the Atlantic. *E.g.* Emerson's home, Concord, is in Carlyle's "Western Woods." — Express in a dozen words the contents of this paragraph.

3. "The great end of biography." What?

4. "How did the world," etc. This question, and those which follow — are they a sufficient test? Would proper answers "furnish a model of perfection in Biography"? Note in this paragraph the "moderate, even apologetic phrases." From them, and from "numerous repetitions of 'as we believe,' 'we think,' etc., which occur in the first part of this essay," and which are quite unlike the usual bold dogmatic manner of Carlyle, it has been inferred that Jeffrey's editing of it is evident. Rightly? — Sum up as concisely as possible the substance of this paragraph.

Page 43. 1. "Burns first came," etc. What epoch or event of his life is here referred to? Test the successive strong statements here.

2. "most mournful death." Read in the biographies the story of his disappointments, intemperance, poverty, neglect, and pain!

3. "now nothing to be done"!

> "How proud we can press to the funeral array
> Of him whom we shunned in his sickness and sorrow!
> And bailiffs may seize his last blanket to-day
> Whose pall shall be borne up by heroes to-morrow!"

4. The "nine days." The phrase "nine days' wonder," which is sometimes said to have originated in the fact that Lady Jane Grey

(1537–1554) was for nine days nominally queen of England, is traceable to the fourteenth century.

5. "had his very materials to discover." Not new? newly brought to light?

Page 44. 1. "Titan." The Titans were six sons and six daughters of Uranus (Heaven) and Gæa (Earth), therefore brothers and sisters of Saturn. They deposed their father, but were themselves cast out of Olympus by Jove! See Sprague's edition of "Paradise Lost," I. 198; also "Class. Dict." — Gist of this paragraph?

2. "Ferguson" (Robert, 1751–1774), author of "The Farmer's Ingle," from which Burns drew the idea of his "Cotter's Saturday Night," died in a lunatic asylum. Burns erected a monument over his neglected grave in Edinburgh.

3. "Ramsay" (Allan, 1685–1758) was author, in 1725, of "The Gentle Shepherd," a pastoral play in five acts, full of humor and sentiment, with delightful lyrics interspersed. Other facts in regard to him? See Morley's "Manual of English Literature," Minto's "Literature of the Georgian Era," Ward's "English Poets," Vol. III., etc.

4. "darksome, drudging childhood." "The cheerless gloom of a hermit with the unceasing moil of a galley-slave," says Burns.

Page 45. 1. "Alas, his sun shone," etc. Study this eloquent passage. Analyze to discover the ingredients of its power. Truth, sentiment, imagery, sonorous melody? — Designate, with all possible brevity, the substance of this paragraph.

2. "Criticism . . . should be a cold business." Ought it so to be?

3. "not chiefly as a poet," etc. Do you concur?

4. "advised to write a tragedy." Lockhart, pp. 211, 317.

5. "Sir Hudson Lowe" (1769–1844), a stern British general, governor of St. Helena during Napoleon's captivity there (1815–1821).

6. "amid the melancholy main." Quoted from Stanza xxx. of "The Castle of Indolence," of James Thomson (1700–1748).

7. "Their fall, like that of a pyramid." How?

Page 46. 1. "Eternal Melodies." Ger. *Ewigen Melodien.* Carlyle is fond of German phrases. In his "Stump Orator" (1850), he writes, "All human talent, especially all deep talent, is a talent to *do*, and is intrinsically of silent nature; inaudible, like the Sphere Harmonies and Eternal Melodies." In a letter to Emerson (1837), he speaks of "an ear for the *Ewigen Melodien*, which pipe in the winds around us, and utter themselves forth in all sounds and sights and things: *not* to be written down by gamut-machinery." For the doctrine of the "Music of the Spheres," see under "Pythagoras,"

in the larger "Class. Dict.;" Plato's "De Republica," X.; Hooker's "Eccles. Polity," V. 38; Sprague's ed. of Milton's "Nativity Ode;" Shakespeare's "Mer. of Ven." (Sprague's ed.), V. i. 60–65.*

2. "The most precious gift," etc. Is this true? Reasons for your opinion?—Summarize with utmost brevity the sense of this paragraph.

3. "The 'Daisy.'" See this exquisite poem, *post*. Note the sad prophecy of its last three stanzas.

4. "wee, cowering," etc. See, *post*, the lines "To a Mouse." Observe the foreboding in its last stanza.

5. "thole," endure; "dribble," drizzle.

7. "cranreuch," white-frost; "cauld," cold; "it raises," etc. See Burns's "Journal," 1784.

9. "loves to walk in the sounding woods," etc. "This expression and the following quotation is [*sic*] evidently adapted from a passage in an extract from one of Burns's letters." Farrand.

10. "on the wings," etc. Psalm civ.

Page 47. 1. "nut-brown maiden." The famous dialogue ballad, entitled "The Nut-Brown Maid," dates from near the end of the 15th century. "Dict. of Noted Names of Fiction;" Percy's "Reliques;" Prior's "Henry and Emma." "The poetic dream of Petrarch," says Taine, "has become the exact picture of deep and perfect conjugal affection, such as yet survives in England; such as all the poets, from the authoress of the "Nut-Brown Maid" to Dickens, have never failed to represent." "Eng. Lit.," I. ii. p. 160.

2. "paragon." "Tempest," II. i. 72, Sprague's ed.

3. "Arcadian." Situated in the interior of the Peloponnesus, shut in by mountains, Arcadia, the quiet, picturesque home of shepherds, was imagined to be an earthly paradise, the abode of simplicity, innocence, and love. See the charming description in Sidney's "Arcadia;" also Mahaffy's "Rambles and Studies in Greece."

4. "in the highest." What?

5. "a noble pride." So had Sam. Johnson and Carlyle himself. Illustrate. See note on "the sentiment of pride," near the end of this essay.

6. "supercilious." Lat. *super*, above; *cilium*, eyelid; *supercilium*, eyebrow. Hence?

7. "majesty," etc. Illustrate by quotation.

8. "relief from." Better, relief *through*?

* "Such harmony is in immortal souls."

Page 48. 1. "generous credulity," 1 Corinth. xiii. 7.

> "Love is kind, and suffers long;
> Love is meek, and *thinks no wrong;*
> Love than death itself more strong:
> Therefore give us love." Illustrate.

2. "Æolian." Gr. Αἴολος, *Aiolos*, the changeable one; Æolus, god of the winds. Appropriateness of this comparison? — Give a phrase or brief sentence correctly characterizing this paragraph.

3. "Brief, broken glimpses," etc. Metaphor?

4. "unprofitable and unfair." Why so?

5. "read more," etc. = read more extensively and more eagerly? or read with continually increasing eagerness?

6. "virtuosos." Lat. *vir*, a manly man; *virtus*, manliness; Ital. *virtu* and *vertu*, a love of the fine arts, or a taste for curiosities; *virtuoso*, a person skilled in the polite or elegant arts, or in curiosities. What fact in regard to Italian character is taught by the descent of this word? (See Goldsmith's "Traveller," 111–164.) Similarly the word *cicerone*.

Page 49. 1. "from the palace to the hut," etc. True now? true of any other poet? likely to be the fact in the future, notwithstanding dialect? How should we label this paragraph?

2. "sincerity," etc. Carlyle's estimate of this excellence in "Heroes and Hero-Worship"? Can it be overestimated?

3. "Horace's." Quintus Horatius Flaccus (B.C. 65 to A.D. 8). This elegant Latin poet, in his famous "Art of Poetry" (*Ars Poetica*, line 102), lays down the oft-quoted rule,

4. *Si vis me flere, dolendum est primum ipsi tibi*, if you wish *me* to weep, you yourself must feel grief. — Contents of this paragraph?

Page 50. 1. "Affectation." Is this sure to result?

2. "Cant," etc. Has Carlyle rightly singled out the bane?

3. "How often does," (do?) etc. Is this overstated?

4. "Byron" (George Gordon, Lord, 1788–1824) wrote, among other works, "Childe Harold" (1812 and later), "The Giaour" (1813, pron. *jour*, *ou* as in *our*), and "Don Juan" (after 1817). All the critics note that his leading characters are phases of Byron himself; but is he justly chargeable with insincerity? Says Matthew Arnold, concurring with Swinburne: "Even of his passionate admirers, how many never got beyond the theatrical Byron, from whom they caught the fashion of deranging their hair, or of knotting their neck-handkerchief, or of leaving their shirt-collar unbuttoned? How few pro-

foundly felt his vital influence, the influence of his splendid and imperishable excellence of sincerity and strength!"

5. "strong waters." Distilled liquors, "fire water," "Jersey lightning," etc.

6. "Giaour." Pers. *gawr*, infidel; a form of *ghebir*, fire worshiper. A term applied by Turks to those not Mohammedans, especially to Christians.

Page 51. 1. "theatrical, false, affected." Is this just?

2. "to read its own consciousness without mistakes." Could Burns? See the paragraph beginning, "Properly speaking," a little past the middle of this essay. — Sum up in briefest possible phrase the gist of this paragraph.

Page 52. 1. "Shakespeare himself . . . bombast," etc. So Goldsmith thought, "Essay" xvi. One critic, concurring with Carlyle, cites, as "an example of this, 'Macbeth,' Act I., Scene ii., lines 56 ff." But it is dangerous to criticise Shakespeare: the attack usually recoils. We may say of his taste, as De Quincey says of Milton's metrical skill and sensibility, "On any attempt to take liberty with a passage of his, you feel as when coming in a forest upon what seems a dead lion: perhaps he may not be dead, but only sleeping! nay, perhaps he may not be sleeping, but only shamming! . . . after all, there may be a plot in it!" The "Macbeth" lines are not inappropriate to the character and the circumstances. Perhaps the following may better illustrate bombast: —

> "Out, out, thou strumpet, Fortune! All you gods,
> In general synod, take away her power;
> Break all the spokes and fellies from her wheel,
> And bowl the round nave down the hill of heaven
> As low as to the fiends!" — "Hamlet," II. ii.

2. "His style becomes simple," etc. Note the reasons Carlyle gives for the inferiority of Burns's prose style to that of his poetry. "Style," says Lowell, "is the establishment of a perfect mutual [*sic*] understanding between the worker and his material."

3. "Mrs. Dunlop." Surprised and delighted with Burns's "Cotter's Saturday Night," and other poems (in the first edition, 1786), she "instantly sent an express to Mossgiel, distant sixteen miles from her residence, with a very kind letter to Burns." A friendship ensued, most honorable to both. See "Lockhart," "Chambers," "Blackie," "Shairp," etc. See ten stanzas of "The Cotter's Saturday Night," *post*. — Paragraph summary.

4. "Making all subjects interesting." Herein genius? Genius, the power to see further and deeper, feel more keenly, conceive more vividly, originate more rapidly, express more delicately and strongly, but most of all to work very long and very hard? "Lecture on Shakespeare."

Page 53. 1. "rose-colored Novels and iron-mailed Epics." Of Maria Edgeworth (1767–1849)? Jane Austen (1775–1817)? Walter Scott (1771–1832)? James Fenimore Cooper (1789–1851)? Lord Byron? Thomas Moore (1779–1852)? Poet-laureate Robert Southey (1774–1843), with his "Epics," "Joan of Arc," "Thalaba," "Curse of Kehama," etc.?

2. "nearer the moon." Hence lunatic? moonstruck? — "Virgins of the Sun . . . Knights . . . Saracens . . . Chiefs," etc.; *e.g.* in Moore's "Lalla Rookh," Scott's "Talisman" and "Ivanhoe," Byron's "Poems of the East," Cooper's "Leather-Stocking Tales," etc.

3. "truculent." Sanscrit *druh*, to wish to kill; Lat. *trux*, *trucis*, fierce, bloodthirsty.

4. "a great moralist," etc. Is the analogy good? Is the doctrine sound?

5. "Homer (about 1000 B.C.?) . . . native Greece."

"*Smyrna*, *Chios*, *Colophon*, *Salamis*, *Rhodos*, *Argos*, *Athenae*."

> "Seven Grecian towns contend for Homer dead,
> Through which the living Homer begged his bread."

6. "two centuries before." Supposed date of the Trojan War? —

7. "ephemeral." Gr. ἐπί, *epi*, for; ἡμέρα, *hemera*, a day; ἐφήμερος. *ephemeros*, lasting for a day. — Comprehensive thought of this paragraph? Express it with utmost brevity.

Page 54. 1. "Fifth act of a Tragedy in every deathbed," etc. In every tragedy, three points or crises probably are in strong contrast; the beginning of the struggle, the climax, and the catastrophe. See Freytag's "Technique of the Drama," Chap. II., Sec. ii.

2. "Laughter," etc.

> "Sport that wrinkled care derides
> And Laughter holding both his sides."
> — "L'Allegro," 31, 32.

Carlyle's question reminds us of Gratiano's talk in "Mer. of Ven." I. i.

3. "vates." Lat. probably akin to *fa*, root of *fare;* Gr. φήμι, *phemi*, to speak. Orig. a speaker; afterwards an inspired speaker; foreteller, prophet; often a poet (supposed to speak from inspiration); a soothsayer.

4. "Delphi," a small town in Phocis (on the steep slope of Parnassus, one of the chief seats of the Muses). It contained the most famous of the oracles of Apollo.

5. "Minerva Press." In Burns's day this London establishment flooded the country with morbidly sentimental trash. — "elder dramatists." Elizabethan?

6. "in the tongue, not in the heart," etc. Yet, "From the beginning of Elizabethan Literature, whoever had written had been constantly playing on words and with them. Fantastically extravagant as such verbal quibbles generally were, they resulted in an unsurpassed vocabulary. Combine such mastery of vocabulary with an instructive sense that words are only the symbols of actual thoughts, and your quibbler or punster becomes a wit of the first quality. Such a sense of the identity of word and thought characterized Shakespeare from the beginning." Wendell's "William Shakespeare."

Page 55. 1. "Dan." Chief city of the most northerly district of Canaan. "Beersheba" was near the southern limit. Hence "Dan to Beersheba" (Judges xx. 1) = end to end of the country.

2. "Borgia." Of this ambitious Italian family in the last of the 15th and the first of the 16th century, Cæsar Borgia (1457–1507), brave, fascinating, unscrupulous, was perhaps the most devilish. "No deed was savage or base enough to cost him any remorse," says Fisher. Look up his story.

3. "Luther" (Martin, 1483–1546) was a man of passionate soul and tremendous energy. See the histories.

4. "Mossgiel." Burns went there at twenty-five in 1784, and remained four years, during which he wrote some of his choicest poetry.

5. "Tarbolton" in Ayrshire was his home during the seven years next preceding.

6. "Mr. Crockford" is said by Abernethy to have opened his fashionable gambling club-house in London in 1849. But see "Century Cyclopedia of Names."

7. "Tuileries." This famous palace in Paris, adjacent to the Louvre, was begun (1564) by Catharine de Medici, finished by Louis XIV. (Louis *Le Grand*, 1638–1715), and burned by the commune in 1871. — Sum up this paragraph.

8. "Poetry about that date vanished." Milton ("Par. Lost," IX. 44) seems to countenance the idea that "as civilization advances, poetry almost necessarily declines."

> "Unless an age too late, or cold
> Climate, or years, damp my intended wing."

Is the theory sound? See Macaulay's "Essay on Milton;" Channing's "Remarks on the Character and Writings of John Milton."

9. "cobweb speculations," etc. Carlyle observation of Scottish fields?

10. "an impossibility," etc. A strong statement. In what sense true?

11. "not the dark place that hinders, but the dim eye." Other illustrations besides that afforded by Burns?

12. "Wounded Hare." "Verses on seeing a wounded hare limp by me." See *post.*

13. "Halloween." A.S. *halig*, holy; Old Eng. *halowe*, a saint; *halowene* (genitive plu.), of the saints; Scotch *e'en*, evening. The evening (Oct. 31) is still "celebrated." The poem is too long and too full of Scotch dialect to warrant our quoting it.

Page 56. 1. "Druids." Among the ancient Celts they combined the functions of lawgivers, bards, prophets, priests, judges, physicians, and philosophers. See "Encyclopedia Britannica." — "Theocritus" of Syracuse, author of Greek idyls in the 3d century B.C., and imitated by Vergil, Milton, and others, was, more than any other, the father of pastoral poetry. See "Class. Dict."

2. "Idyl." Gr. εἶδος, *eidos*, appearance, figure; εἰδύλλιον, *eidyllion*, a descriptive poem.

3. "Holy Fair." This is a common phrase in western Scotland for a summer gathering of "Old Light" rustics met to partake of the Holy Communion. Invited by Fun, the poet accompanies her and Superstition and Hypocrisy to the Fair, whose scenes he describes with over-bitter but irresistibly comic satire.

4. "Council of Trent." The great Roman Catholic Council, which assembled (1545) at Trent, in the Tyrol. Cyclopedias and histories.

5. "Roman Jubilee." A solemn season in the Roman Catholic Church, usually occurring once in twenty-five years. Heb. *yóbel*, a blast of a trumpet, a shout of joy. — Concentrate in half a dozen words the sense of this paragraph.

6. "Rugged sterling worth," etc. Is this too strongly stated? Test.

Page 57. 1. "burin." Ital. *borino*, an instrument for piercing; Fr. *burin*, a graver; graving tool. "Brachet."

2. "Retzsch" (Moritz, 1779–1857), a German painter, famed for his etchings illustrating Goethe and Schiller. — Characterize the essence of this paragraph.

3. "This last excellence." Define it. How reconcile this claim

with what he has said of "sincerity" as "the root of most other virtues, literary as well as moral"?

4. "Boreas." Gr. *βορέας*, boreas; Russian *borei*, north; Lat. *Boreas*, the north wind. Skeat suggests that it may have meant orig. "the mountain wind." See the poem, *post.*

5. "doure," stern, stubborn.

6. "gies," gives.

7. "lift," sky (akin to *loft*, Icel. *lopt*, air).

8. "ae," one.

9. "burns," streams (Gael. *burn*, water. See *bourn*).

10. "wreeths," wreaths; A.S. *wraed*, akin to writhe, twist.

11. "bock'd," gushed, vomited.

Page 58. 1. "Auld Brig." See Burns's "Brigs of Ayr."

2. "haunted Garpal." Like *Fabulosus Hydaspes*, quoted by Carlyle from Horace ("Odes," I. xxii. 8), Hydaspes famed in story. Goldsmith, in his "Traveller," calls it "famed Hydaspes." *Fabulosus* is like "storied" in "Il Penseroso," 159, and in Gray's "Elegy."

3. "thowes," thaws.

4. "snaw-broo," snow-broth, slushy water.

5. "rowes," rolls.

6. "spate" (or "speat"), torrent, flood.

7. "Glenbuck," source of the river.

8. "Rattonkey" (or "Rottonkey"), a landing near the mouth of the Ayr.

9. "gumlie," muddy.

10. "jaups," jets, splashes, waves dashed up.

11. "Poussin" (Nicholas, 1594–1665), "The Raphael of France," styled by Ruskin "the principal master of the classical landscape." "Biog. Dict."

12. "Farmer's." See Burns's "Auld Farmer's Salutation to Auld Mare Maggie."

13. "smithy," shop of a smith; blacksmith shop.—"Cyclops." Three *Cyclopes*, Brontes, Steropes, and Arges, sons of Uranus (Heaven) and Ge (Earth), were fabled by Hesiod (about 735 B.C.) to forge thunderbolts for Jove under Ætna or the volcanoes of Lemnos and the Lipari islands. Farrand, Boynton, and Abernethy think that Carlyle here "refers to the charming story of Odysseus and Polyphemus, the sheep-raising and man-eating giant, in the ninth book of the Odyssey." But no smithy is described there, nor in the Æneid, III. See Vergil's magnificent description in the Æneid, VIII. 416–453.

14. "Cyclops." Gr. *κύκλος*, *kuklos*, or *cyclos*, circle; *ὤψ*, *ōps*,

eye; κύκλωψ, *kuklops*, or *cyclops*, the round-eyed. Each of these gigantic beings had one round eye in the centre of his forehead. "Class. Dict."

15. "Priam's chariot." "Iliad," XXIV. — "Burn-the-wind" = (16) Burnewin = blacksmith. Vivid word-painting, calling up bellows and forge?

17. "Scotch Drink." See two stanzas of this poem, *post.* — Summarize this paragraph.

Page 59. 1. "Homer surpasses all." True? — "in this quality." Is it properly termed a "quality"?

2. "Richardson" (Samuel, 1689–1761), one of the earliest and ablest of English novel writers, published "Pamela" (1740), "Clarissa Harlowe" (1748), and "Sir Charles Grandison" (1753). Is Carlyle's estimate too high?

3. "Defoe" (Daniel, 1661–1731). His father's name was Foe. Daniel adopted the prefix. He wrote "Robinson Crusoe" (1719), "A Journal of the Plague Year" (1722), "Roxana" (1724), and about 200 other works. His "Review," begun in 1704, was one of the earliest attempts at periodical literature. More about Defoe and Richardson? "Taine," III. vi.; "Allibone," etc.

4. "red-wat-shod" = *red-wet-shod* = over-shoe (*i.e.* more than shoe-deep) in blood.

5. "too frightfully accurate," etc. Possible? Entitle this paragraph.

6. "vigor of his strictly intellectual perceptions." Differentiate this expression and "clearness of sight," and "impetuous force of conceptions."

7. "Stewart" (Dugald, 1753–1828), author of important works on mental and moral philosophy, long a professor in the University of Edinburgh. Mentioned later in this essay.

Page 60. 1. "Keats" (John, 1795–1821), a worshiper, not of force, like Carlyle, but of beauty; all sweetness; author of "Hyperion," "Lamia," "Ode to the Nightingale," "Eve of St. Agnes," and the epitaph,* indelible in men's souls, though carved on his tomb, "Here lies one whose name was writ in water." More of his life?

2. "Hell of Dante" (Alighieri, 1265–1321). His matchless work, which he modestly entitled "The Divine Comedy," is a threefold allegorical vision ("Inferno, Purgatorio, Paradiso"). The poet is conducted through the ten circles of the first by Vergil, and there he seems

* Suggested, doubtless, by Shakespeare in "Henry VIII.," IV. ii. 46.

to behold "all the woe of all the universe." Over the entrance gate of hell is the inscription,

"All hope abandon, ye who enter here!"

3. "Shakespeare" (William, 1564–1616) shows more genius in the creation and development of characters than in the origination of plots or the structure of plays?

4. "Novum Organum." Bacon's new method of arriving at truth by observation and induction was set forth in his "Novum Organum" (= new instrument), first sketched in 1607, completed in 1620. See Macaulay's "Essay on Bacon." May we not say of Bacon, as Emerson does of Plato, "We can in some sort nestle into Plato's brain; not so into Shakespeare's; we are still out of doors"? — Label this paragraph.

5. "Burns is fine, as well as strong," etc. In what sense is "fine" here used?

Page 61. 1. "wonders in the passage," etc. Is the statement omitted through carelessness?

2. "doctrine of association" = "the psychological reason for the very familiar phenomenon of which Burns shows his appreciation below (paragraph 23)" [Farrand]? "the combination or connection of states of mind, or their objects, with one another; as the result of which, one is said to be revived, or represented, by means of the other" [Porter]? — Characterize this paragraph by a descriptive phrase.

3. "We know nothing," etc. This is from a letter to Mrs. Dunlop, Jan. 1, 1789. See Wordsworth's lines on "Tintern Abbey" and on "Immortality." Mrs. Dunlop and the Æolian harp have already been mentioned. — Summary of the paragraph.

Page 62. 1. "Keenness of insight . . . keenness of feeling." Is "keenness" the best word? Would "depth of insight . . . intensity of feeling" be better? Your reason? "I thought me on the ourie," etc. See "A Winter Night," *post*.

2. "ourie," cowering, shivering, drooping.

3. "bide," abide, endure.

4. "brattle," race, attack, noisy hurry.

5. "lairing," wading, sinking.

6. "sprattle," struggle, scramble.

7. "scar," Icel. *sker*, Swedish *skär*, bare rock, cliff.

Page 63. 1. "Ilk," each, every. A.S. "ilk," "yle," the same; fr. "i," he, and "lik," like.

2. "happing," hopping.

3. "chittering," shivering, trembling (with cold).

4. "indifferent." So Shakespeare in "Julius Cæsar," "Dangers are to me indifferent."

5. "the very Devil." Milton has been blamed by Thomas Arnold, Henry Reed, and others for not making Satan wholly bad. But is not Milton's conception psychologically correct? "Milton," says Lowell, "can do justice to great devils, but not to little ones!"

6. "auld Nickie-ben," etc. Carlyle here quotes the last stanza of Burns's "Address to the De'il." *Auld* we know, and *Nickie*, the Old Nick; but what is *ben?* Added for rhyme?

7. "wad," would.

8. "men'," mend.

9. "aiblins," perhaps.

10. "dinna," do not.

11. "ken," know.

12. "stake," chance.

13. "wae," woe; woeful, sorry.

14. "Dr. Slop." An uncharitable "doctor of *phisik*."

15. "Uncle Toby." In the "Tristram Shandy" of Laurence Sterne (1713–1768), Dr. Slop is choleric, Uncle Toby sweet-souled. "There is Sterne, too, the refined and silly blackguard, who, amid his buffooneries and oddities, pauses to weep over an ass or an imaginary prisoner." Taine. — Pith of this paragraph?

16. "Indignation makes verses." From Juvenal's (Decimus Junius, the Roman satirist, A.D. 38–120) *Facit indignatio versus.*

17. "inverted Love." Is not Carlyle's explanation the true one? Are bitter biting *verses* likely to be true *poetry?*

18. "Johnson" (Samuel, 1709–1784), biographer, essayist, lexicographer, verse writer, and most powerful of conversers. He said, "Dear Bathurst was a man to my very heart's content; he hated a fool, and he hated a rogue, and he hated a Whig; he was a very good hater." See "Boswell."

Page 64. 1. "a good hater is still a desideratum," etc. In "Model Prisons" (in "Latter Day Pamphlets," 1850) Carlyle writes: "Caitiff, we hate thee, and discern for some six thousand years now, that we are called upon by the whole Universe to do it. Not with a diabolic but with a divine hatred." — Embody in a word or two the contents of this paragraph.

2. "Dweller," etc. See the ode, *post.*

3. "Furies." The Erinyes (Gr. Ἐρινύες, the angry ones), called euphemistically "Eumenides" (Gr. Εὐμενίδες, the gracious or kindly

disposed ones), were properly three: Alecto (Gr. Ἀληκτώ, the implacable one), Tisiphŏne (Gr. Τισιφόνη, avenger of murder), and Megaéra (Gr. Μέγαιρα, Megaira, the grudger or envier). They had snaky locks, blood-dripping eyes, flaming torches. "Class. Dict."

4. "Æschylus" (B.C. 525–456). Earliest and loftiest of Greek dramatists. He has the Furies for chorus in his great tragedy, "The Eumenides."

5. "infernal Pit." "Par. Lost," I. 657.

6. "darkness visible." See Sprague's ed. of "Par. Lost, I. 63. Note alliteration and meter, both, as in "Shakespeare," used by, or of, supernatural beings. "Macbeth," Sprague's ed., IV. i. 10; "Midsummer N. Dr.," II. i.

7. "mark (thou, her) who."

8. "Noosing." Lat. *nodus;* Fr. *noued*, a knot; *nouer*, to tie up? Farrand thinks it may mean *nursing!* See line 12 of "Tam o' Shanter," *post.*

9. "Baited," etc. The editors do not seem to know that Shakespeare had written "baited with the rabble's curse." — "Bait." Icel. *beita*, to make, to bite. To "bait a bear," is to make the dogs bite him. Skeat. See Sprague's ed. of "Macbeth," V. viii. 29. Is the Oswald ode as sublime as Carlyle thinks it? Substance of the paragraph?

11. "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled." Analyze the "argument" of this song (*post*) and memorize.

12. "dithyrambic," a dithyramb, a poem in a wild irregular strain; orig. a song boisterously sung by revelers in honor of Bacchus (to whom the epithet Διθύραμβος, Dithyrambus, was sometimes applied.)

13. "On horseback." So was Scott's "Marmion"?

14. "the best," etc. Call to mind and compare those of Campbell, Tennyson, Pierpont, Halleck, etc. — Essence of the paragraph?

Page 65. 1. "Macpherson's Farewell." James Macpherson, executed in 1700, was a Highland robber of giant strength, yet a skilful violinist. In prison, he composed a song beginning as follows: —

"I've spent my time in rioting,
Debauched my health and strength:
I squandered fast as pillage came,
And fell to shame at length:
But dantonly and wantonly
And rantonly I'll gae;
I'll play a tune and dance it roun'
Beneath the gallows tree."

He is said to have actually played his tune under the gallows, and then offered his violin to any one who would come and take it. No one coming up, he smashed it across his knee and flung away the fragments. See Burns's song to the same air, *post.*

2. "Celt." The Celts were of two branches: Gaelic from Spain, Cymric from Belgium and the north of France; the former, the ancestors of the Irish and Highland Scotch; the latter, of the Welsh.

3. "Cacus" (Gr. κακός, *cacos*, bad), son of Vulcan, was a monster robber inhabiting a cave in Mt. Aventine. Into it he dragged Hercules' oxen by the tails backward, so that their tracks appeared to lead outward! But the hero heard them bellow, unroofed the cavern, and choked to death the fire-belching giant. For further particulars, see "Æneid," VIII. 190–267.

4. "sturt," struggle, disturbance. *Sturt* is akin to Du. *stortem*, to hurl, rush, fall.

5. "Nimrod," a mighty hunter. Genesis x. 8, 9; 1 Chronicles i. 10. Did he found Babylon?

6. "Napoleon." Napoleon Bonaparte (1769–1821). More about him?

7. "of poetry," etc. The Gaelic Celt had lively imagination, was joyous, musical, sensitive to honor, fervent in religion.

8. "Thebes," chief city of Bœotia, scene of the action in some of the greatest tragedies of Æschylus and Sophocles.

9. "Pelops," King of Phrygia, a grandson of Jupiter, and son of Tantalus, and the father of Atreus, and grandfather of Agamemnon. The crimes and misfortunes of his fated "line" were fruitful themes to the Grecian dramatists. Milton's stately verses in "Il Penseroso" are famous: —

> "Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy
> In sceptred pall come sweeping by,
> Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,
> Or the tale of Troy divine."

10. "Material Fate." The underlying idea of the great Greek tragedies, man's Free-will vainly struggling in the grip of Fate, is perhaps best illustrated in the wonderful "Œdipus" of Sophocles. — Designate, by epithet or phrase, the substance of this paragraph.

11. "Humor." Differentiate humor, wit, drollery. How does love manifest itself in humor?

Page 66. 1. "Address to the Mouse."

2. "Farmer's Mare" begins thus: —

"A guid New-year I wish thee, Maggie!
Hae, there's a rip to thy auld baggie:
Tho' thou's howe-backit, now, an' knaggie,
I've seen the day
Thou could hae gaen like onie staggie
Out-owre the lay."

It ends with, —

"And think na, my auld, trusty servan',
That now perhaps thou's less deservin',
And thy auld days may end in starvin'
For my last fow,
A heapit stimpart, I'll reserve ane
Laid by for you.

"We've worn to crazy years together;
We'll toyte about wi' ane anither.
Wi' tentie care I'll flit thy tether,
To some hained rig,
Whare ye may nobly rax your leather
Wi' sma' fatigue."

3. "Elegy on poor Mailie." See *post*.

4. "Sterne" (Laurence, 1713–1768). It is a pity that the writings of one whom Carlyle characterizes as "our best specimen of humor" should be soiled with indecency. — Condensed "argument" of this paragraph.

5. "Tam o' Shanter." Burns thought this his best, and most critics since his day have agreed with him. He says in letter to Mrs. Dunlop, April 11, 1791: "I look on Tam o' Shanter to be my chief performance in the poetical line." Why, then, is Carlyle less complimentary? Note how different is Carlyle's point of view from that of most men. Apply his tests. See the poem, *post*.

6. "Tieck" (Ludwig, 1773–1853), poet, critic, satirist, wrote fantastic novels and translated Shakespeare. "Tieck," said Carlyle, "is no ordinary man; he is a true poet, born as well as made."

7. "Musäus" (Johann Karl August, 1735–1787), satirist, wrote "Folk-Tales of the Germans," "Friend Hein's Apparitions," etc. Carlyle declares that "he attempts not to deal with the deeper feelings of the heart . . . is in fact no poet."

Page 67. 1. "Ayr." See map and gazetteer. — "Tophet," east or southeast of Jerusalem, in the valley of Hinnom, was an unclean

"dumping-ground." Here fires were kept burning to consume the carcasses and other offal ;

"Tophet thence,
And black Gehenna called, the type of hell." — "Par. Lost," I. 405.

Show by a phrase what Carlyle thinks "Tam o' Shanter" is, and is not.

2. "The Jolly Beggars." The poem is too long to quote and too coarse. It was first published in 1801. The scene is in Manchline.

3. "raucle," sturdy, bold.

4. "carlin," old woman, crone (Icel. and Swedish *karl*, man ; A.S. *ceorl*, fellow ; *carl*, male ; dim. *carlin*).

5. "wee Apollo," "a pigmy scraper wi' his fiddle."

6. "Son of Mars," a soldier.

7. "Poosie (*i.e.* pussy ?) Nancy" keeps the alehouse (Rag-castle).

Page 68. 1. "Caird" (Irish *ceard*, a tinker), a traveling tinker, tramp, sturdy beggar, fortune teller.

2. "callets," loose women.

3. "wassail," noisy, drunken frolic, carousal. See Sprague's edition of "Macbeth," I. vii. 64 ; Sprague's "Hamlet," I. iv. 9.

4. "Teniers" (tĕn'yers) (David, the elder, 1582–1649 ; David, the younger, 1610–1694), Flemish painters of tavern subjects. See "Century Magazine," September, 1895, for sketch of the son, who excelled his father.

5. "The Beggar's Opera" (of the dramatic poet, John Gay, 1688–1732), acted in London in January, 1728, at Lincoln's Inn Fields, was a political satire, a parody and caricature of the Italian opera, and a great success.

6. "Beggar's Bush," a comedy sometimes ascribed to Francis Beaumont (1586–1615) and John Fletcher (1579–1625). "Century Cyclopedia of Names." Abernethy, usually very correct, says it is by Beaumont, written in 1661 !

7. "Cantata," a musical composition comprising choruses, solos, interludes, etc., somewhat dramatically arranged. — Enumerated merits of "The Jolly Beggars" in this paragraph ?

8. "Music of the heart." Illustrate.

9. "best that Britain has yet produced." Should we say the same now ?

Page 69. 1. "of quality" = of birth (or station) superior to that of the masses ?

2. "madrigals," little simple amorous poems, usually pastoral. See Sprague's edition of Milton's "Comus," 495.

3. "Ossorius" (Osorio, Geronymo, 1506–1580), flatteringly styled "The Cicero of Portugal," but characterized by Bacon as of "weak and waterish vein."

4. "Limbo" (Lat. *limbus*, border), a region beyond earth and on the borders of Paradise. Here, awaiting the Judgment, are souls not good enough for heaven and not bad enough for purgatory or hell. See Milton's astonishing description, "Paradise Lost," III. — Give a phrase that may serve as the exponent of this paragraph.

5. "In themselves are music." See Corson's "Primer of English Verse;" Lanier's "Science of Verse;" Carlyle's "The Hero as Poet," and his paragraph on "Tam o' Shanter."

6. "in the medium of Harmony." How explain his schoolmaster's declaration that Robert's ear was remarkably dull, and his voice untunable? "It was long," he says, "before I could get him to distinguish one tune from another." — "fashioned themselves together," etc. This passage reminds of Shakespeare's line,

"Such harmony is in immortal souls." — "Mer. of Ven." V. i.

Of music as a formative power, even able to aid in evolving cosmos from chaos, Mrs. Osgood sings: —

> The Father spake: in grand reverberations
> Slow rolled through space the mighty music tide,
> While, to its low majestic modulations,
> The clouds of chaos slowly swept aside."

See the Pythagorean and Platonic notions as to the power of music.

7. "Venus rose," etc. Near Cythera (now Cerigo). See note on "Cyprian queen," in Sprague's "Masterpieces in Eng. Literature," p. 72; also "Class. Dict."

8. "drops of song." Felicitous phrase? Illustrate.

Page 70. 1. "Willie brew'd." See p. 170.

2. "Mary in Heaven." See pp. 169, 180.

3. "Auld Lang Syne." See p. 171.

4. "Duncan Gray." See p. 172.

5. "Scots wha hae," etc. See pp. 165, 166.

6. "a tone and words for every mood." True? — Formulate a phrase to cover this paragraph.

7. "Our Fletcher" (Andrew, 1653?–1716), "Fletcher of Saltoun," author, orator, politician. Was it he who said, "I will lay down my life to serve my country, but I will not do a base thing to save it"?

— "our." Of us Scotch? After Carlyle had been a while in London, he used to say "we English."

8. "aphorism." Gr. ἀπό, *apo*, from; ὁρίζειν, *horizein*, to separate (by boundary); ἀφορίζειν, *aphorizein*, to bound; ἀφορισμός, *aphorismos*, aphorism, something (in speech) marked off (by boundaries); a definition; a pithy sentence? Differentiate *axiom*, *maxim*, *aphorism*, *adage*.

9. In a letter to the Marquis of Montrose, Fletcher wrote: "I knew a very wise man that believed that, if a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws of a nation."

10. "is the name and voice." Better, *are* "the name and voice"? or, better, *is* "the name, the voice"? Reconstruct the sentence. — Sum up this paragraph.

Page 71. 1. "Grays." Thomas Gray (1716–1771) wrote "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," "The Bard," "The Progress of Poesy," etc.

2. "Glovers." Richard Glover (1712–1785), highly praised by Burke in his speech on "Conciliation with America," wrote, among other works, an epic entitled "Leonidas"; a tragedy, "Boadicea," etc.

3. "in vacuo" = in vacant space. Yet Gray's "Bard" and "Progress of Poesy" ought to be of national interest to all Englishmen, and Glover's forgotten "Leonidas" and "Hosier's Ghost" were specially calculated to arouse patriotism.

4. "Goldsmith" (Oliver, 1728–1774) in "The Traveller," "The Deserted Village," "She Stoops to Conquer," "The Haunch of Venison," "The Hermit," etc., breaks loose from the artificiality, pedantry, and classical affectation of Pope and Addison, and introduces naturalness, simplicity, "the still sad music of humanity." Illustrate by quotation.

5. "Johnson." Already mentioned.

6. "his Rambler" (semiweekly, 1750–1752) is mostly made up of essays after the manner of Addison's "Spectator."

7. "his Rasselas" (1759), though struck out at a heat, is a pleasing romance of the Orient. Its stately, classic diction is evident in the first sentence: "Ye who listen with credulity to the whispers of fancy, and pursue with eagerness the phantoms of hope; who expect that age will perform the promises of youth, and that the deficiencies of the present day will be supplied by the morrow; attend to the history of Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia." — Title for this paragraph?

8. "Geneva." Influence there of Italian, French, and German literatures?

9. "Scotland became British," partly in 1603, when the crowns were united under James I., and completely in the reign of Anne (1702–1714), when Scotch representation in Parliament began.

10 and 11. "Addison" (Joseph, 1672–1719) and Steele (Richard, 1676–1729) published jointly their delightful essays thrice a week in the "Tatler" (1709–1710) and daily in the "Spectator" (1711–1712). More of these?

12. "Boston" (not John but Thomas, 1676–1732) was a Calvinist clergyman. His "Human Nature in its Fourfold State" loomed threateningly in 1720. Chambers's "Cyclopedia of Eng. Literature."

13. "schisms." Gr. σχίζω, *schizo*, I cleave asunder; σχίσμα, *schisma*, a split. — "schisms in . . . Church," 18th century controversies?

14. "schisms in our Body Politic." Between the partisans of James II. (Lat. *Jacobus*, Stuart, 1685) and those of William III. (Orange, 1688) and George I. (Hanover, 1714)?

15. "Jacobite," adhering to James (Jacōbus) II.

16. "Kames" (Henry Home, 1696–1782), a Scottish judge, author of "Elements of Criticism," a learned and long a standard work.

17. "Hume" (David, 1711–1776), historian, metaphysician, skeptic, of graceful style, acute intellect, prejudiced judgment.

18. "Robertson" (William, 1721–1793), a popular preacher and painstaking historian, who wrote histories of "Scotland" (1759), of "Charles V." (1769), and of "America" (1777).

19. "Smith" (Adam, 1723–1790) published (1759) "Theory of Moral Sentiments," and in 1776, his great work, "The Wealth of Nations." Was he the first man to originate a "complete system of political economy"?

Page 72. 1. "Racine" (Jean, 1639–1699), less grand but more pathetic in his tragedies than Corneille (1606–1684), is placed by Hallam (Henry, 1777–1859) "next to Shakespeare among all the moderns, and second only to Vergil among all poets"!

2. "Voltaire" (François M. A., 1694–1778), characterized by Goethe as "the greatest literary man of all time," was dramatist, poet, historian, philosopher, critic; a most brilliant talker; a bitter scoffer at revealed religion, yet a deist. More about him?

3. "Batteux" (Charles, 1713–1780), professor of philosophy in the College of France, wrote "Treatise on the Fine Arts."

4. "Boileau" (Nicholas, 1636–1711), "the Horace of France,"

poet, satirist, critic, and literary autocrat, wrote "Art of Poetry" after the Horatian manner.

5. "Montesquieu" (Charles de Secondet, Baron, 1689–1755) wrote "Persian Letters," satirizing dogmatism; but his great work was "The Spirit of Laws," a noble contribution to the philosophy of history and the science of government.

6. "Mably" (Gabriel Bonnot de Mably, Abbé, 1709–1785) wrote, among other works, "Observations on the Government of the United States."

7. "Quesnay" (François, 1694–1744), physician, wrote on political economy, stoutly advocating the *laissez faire* (let alone) doctrine.

8. "La Flèche," a manufacturing town on a branch of the Loire, about one hundred miles southwest of Paris. Here Hume wrote most of his "Treatise on Human Nature" (1748).

9. "patriotism founded on something better than prejudice." Is patriotism enlarged selfishness?

10. "threshing-floor for logic," etc. How much of justice in this statement? Why do the Scotch excel in logic and metaphysics? — Define the contents of this paragraph.

Page 73. 1. "Scott" (Walter, 1771–1832), poet, biographer, prince of novelists, the "Wizard of the North," "the most voluminous writer of his age." More of him?

2. "Propaganda" (*Congregatio de Propaganda Fide*, society for propagating the faith), a college at Rome instituted by Pope Urban VIII. (1623–1644) for educating priests for missionary work. Lat. *pro*, forward, and *pag-es*, a fastening, fr. *pak*, to fasten; *propago*, a layer, slip, cutting. Skeat.

3. "a tide of Scottish prejudice." "The first two books I ever read in private, and which gave me more pleasure than any two books I ever read since, were the 'Life of Hannibal,' and the 'History of Sir William Wallace' (about 1270–1305?). Hannibal gave my young ideas such a turn that I used to strut in raptures up and down after the recruiting drum and bagpipe, and wish myself tall enough to be a soldier; while the story of Wallace poured a Scottish prejudice into my veins, which will boil along there till the floodgates of life shut in eternal rest." "Autobiographical Letter to Dr. Moore," Aug. 2, 1787.

4. "happy valley." Dr. Johnson's "Rasselas." The delightful home of the prince was called "the happy valley." — "I mind." I recall, heed. The quotation is from Burns's "Epistle to the Guidwife of Wauchope House."

Page 74. 1. "Thistle." Emblem of Scotland, as the *fleur de lis* is of France. Other flowers as national symbols?

2. "bear." A.S. *bere*, barley.

3. "spared," etc. Surely he was all soul. — Note purport of this paragraph.

4. "The life he willed and was fated to lead." What does Carlyle mean by "fated"? Better Whittier's

> "Ne'er mistook my will for fate,
> Pain of sin for heavenly hate."
> — "Andrew Rykman's Prayer."

5. "intercalated." Lat. *inter*, between; *calare*, Gr. καλεῖν, *kalein*, to call, proclaim. — Predominant thought in this paragraph.

6. "there is but one era in the life of Burns." True?

Page 75. 1. "still in youth." At once his strength and weakness? — "Genius," says Coleridge, "is carrying the feelings of youth into the powers of manhood."

> "Who is the happy warrior? Who is he
> That every man in arms should wish to be?
> It is the generous spirit, who, when brought
> Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought
> Upon the plan that pleased his boyish thought."
> — Wordsworth.

2. "never attains to any clearness regarding himself." Is Carlyle right in this? In his letter to Dr. Moore (1787), Burns says: "It ever was my opinion that the mistakes and blunders, both in a rational and religious point of view, of which we see thousands daily guilty, are owing to their ignorance of themselves. To know myself had been all along my constant study. I weighed myself alone; balanced myself with others; and watched every means of information to see how much ground I occupied as a man and as a poet; I studied assiduously Nature's design in my formation," etc.

3. "the world still appears to him, as to the young, in borrowed colors." Some have quoted, as a parallel passage, Wordsworth's Ode on "Intimations of Immortality," stanza v., beginning, "Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting." Is there a genuine similarity of thought?

Page 76. 1. "the only true happiness," etc. This thought often recurs in Carlyle. Thus, in his "Stump Orator": "Appeal by silent work, by silent suffering if there be no work, to the gods, who have nobler than seats in the Cabinet for thee. . . . There where thou art,

work, work; whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with the hand of a man, not of a phantasm; be that thy unnoticed blessedness and exceeding great reward!" And yet Milton sublimely sings,—

"They also serve who only stand and wait!"

Include the meaning of this paragraph in a phrase.

2. "empyrean." Gr. *ἐν*, *en*, in; *πῦρ*, *pur*, or *pyr*, fire; *ἐμπύριος*, *empyrios*, in fire. The highest heaven was supposed to be pervaded by pure elemental fire. The word "ether," in its etymology (*αἴθειν*, *aithein*, to shine, glow, burn), points to a similar notion. So the poet's

"Go wing thy flight from star to star,
From world to luminous world, as far
As the universe spreads her flaming wall."

3. "a little before his end," etc. Does he mean Byron's heroic efforts for Grecian independence?—Sum up in a few words this paragraph.

4. "His father," etc. Burns says of him, "I have met few who understood men, their manners, and their ways equal to him; but stubborn, ungainly integrity, and headlong, ungovernable irascibility are disqualifying circumstances: consequently, I was born a very poor man's son."—Letter to Dr. Moore.

Page 77. 1. "The crossing of a brook." Allusion to Cæsar's decisive act in crossing the Rubicon, 49 B.C., the beginning of active hostilities. See the Roman histories and the biographies.

2. "changed the whole course of British literature." Probable?

3. "Let us worship God." See the stanzas quoted from "The Cotter's Saturday Night," *post*.

4. "priest-like father," etc.

"From scenes like these, old Scotia's grandeur springs."

—Fit words to name the contents of this paragraph? The quotation at the end is from Wordsworth's "Leech Gatherer."

Page 78. 1. "the gayest, brightest," etc. What evidence of this? (But see Lockhart, Chap. I.) Of his boyhood, Burns wrote, "I was by no means a favorite with anybody."

2. "a kind of mud-bath," etc. Contrast with this Milton's sublime appeal, "I call the Deity to witness that in all those places in which vice meets with so little discouragement, and is practiced with so little shame, I never once deviated from the paths of integrity and virtue, and I perpetually reflected that though my conduct might escape the notice of men, it could not elude the inspection of God."

3. "leprous armada." Any allusion to the Spanish fleet of 1588? Gr. root ἀρ, *ar*, to join, fit; ἁρμός, *harmos*, joining; Lat. *arma*, arms, weapons, armor; *armata* (classis), armed (fleet).

4. "Devil's-service . . . adamant of Fate," etc. In such words we may see beginnings of the characteristic peculiarities of Carlyle's later style, in which we find such words as "Louis-Philippism," "long-eared Hearsays," "multitudinous froth-gospels," etc. See *ante*, some of our extracts from Carlyle.

Page 79. 1. "adamant of Fate, attracting." See in the "Arabian Nights" the voyage of Sinbad. — Sense of this paragraph?

2. "learned much more than was needful," etc. Shall we say, then, with Pope, "A little learning is a dangerous thing"? Is it better than none?

Page 80. 1. "passions raging," etc. "My passions, when once lighted up, raged like so many devils till they got vent in rhyme; and then the conning over my verses, like a spell, soothed all into quiet!" "Autobiographical Letter to Dr. Moore," 1787.

2. "personal liberty," etc. "I had been for some days skulking from covert to covert under all the terrors of a jail, as some ill-advised people had uncoupled the merciless pack of the law at my heels." "Letter to Dr. Moore," 1787.

3. "hungry Ruin has him in the wind." In the letter to Dr. Moore, he wrote, "Hungry Ruin had me in the wind." Metaphor? Personification? The wind wafts the scent to the pursuing wolf?

4. "The gloomy night is gathering fast." See *post*, for the "Farewell to Ayr," of which Carlyle imperfectly quotes the last four lines. He substitutes "Adieu, my native banks" for "Farewell, the bonnie banks." Which is the better? — Label this paragraph.

5. "Burns's appearance," etc. Compare Franklin's at the court of Louis XVI.; Goldsmith's, when he startled a brilliant company at Bennett Langton's, or at Sir Joshua Reynolds's, by beginning an anecdote with, "When I lived among the beggars in Axe Lane;" or Paul's appearance at Athens.

Page 81. 1. "Rienzi" (Niccolò Gabrini, 1313–1354), Roman orator and tribune. In 1347, the Romans, under the spell of his eloquence, sought to reëstablish liberty. See the histories, the biographical dictionaries, and cyclopedias. — Affix a proper descriptive word to this paragraph.

2. "bon-mots" (pron. bŏn-mō′). Fr. *bon*, good; *mots*, words, sayings. Is the word properly anglicized?

3. "worst of all, who was known," etc. Antecedent of *who*? Break this sentence into shorter ones.

Page 82. 1. "societies which they would have scorned," etc. "It was little in Burns's character to submit to nice and scrupulous rules, when he knew that, by crossing the street, he could find society who would applaud him the more, the more heroically all such rules were disregarded." (Lockhart). Shall we call such freedom "heroic"? — Characterize this paragraph.

2. "Walker's," etc. See our quotation from Walker.

3. "Virgilium vidi tantum" = I have at least seen Virgil [Farrand]? I have almost seen Virgil [Abernethy]? I have at least a glimpse of Virgil to boast of [Boynton]? I merely *saw* Virgil (so much, nothing more)? Literally, Virgil I saw, so much [if no more]? From the "Tristia," IV. 10, line 51, of Ovid. (Publius Ovidius Naso, 43 B.C.–17 A.D.) See "Class. Dict."

4. "Ferguson" (Adam, 1723–1816), Professor of Philosophy at Edinburgh.

5. "Bunbury's." "Dict. Nat. Biog."

Page 83. 1. "Minden," in Prussia.

2. "Langhorne" (John, 1735–1779), English poet, translator of Plutarch's "Lives." Chambers's "Cyclop. Eng. Lit." Scott seems to have substituted "mother wept" for "parent mourned." Well? Give a word or phrase as an exponent of this paragraph.

3. "Nasmyth's picture," painted about the time Scott saw Burns. See our copy of it. Burns's age then?

4. "more massive." Likely?

5. "douce gudeman." Lat. *dulcis*, Fr. *doux*, sweet; in Scotland, *douce* = sober, sedate, modest, prudent; *gudeman* is goodman, master of a house or family, husband. Mark xiv. 14.

6. "literally glowed." Explanation? — Name the contents of this paragraph.

Page 84. 1. "Burns's acquaintance," etc. Did Scott judge correctly?

2. "National predilection." How could that affect his estimate of himself? — What of this paragraph?

3. "Laird." A.S. *hlāf*, bread, loaf; *weardian*, to look after, ward; *hlafweard*, *hlāford;* Old Eng. *laverd;* Mid. Eng. *louerd*, lord.

4. "*in malam partem*" = in bad part; with intent to disparage; ably; maliciously; with displeasure? Toward whom?

5. "pathetic or humorous." Why? — A descriptive word or two for this paragraph.

Page 85. 1. "This winter did him great and lasting injury." — Condense into half the space what Carlyle says in this paragraph.

2. "Blacklock." (Thomas Blacklock, D.D., blinded in infancy by smallpox.) "I had taken the last farewell of my few friends; my chest was on the road to Greenock; I had composed the last song I should ever measure in Caledonia, — 'The gloomy night is gathering fast,' — when a letter from Dr. Blacklock to a friend of mine overthrew all my schemes by opening new prospects to my poetic ambition. The doctor belonged to a set of critics for whose applause I had not dared to hope. His opinion, that I would meet with encouragement in Edinburgh for a second edition, fired me so much that away I posted for that city without a single acquaintance, or a single letter of introduction." "Letter to Dr. Moore." — Of Blacklock, Dr. Sam. Johnson wrote to Mrs. Thrale: "This morning I saw at breakfast Dr. Blacklock, the blind poet . . . I looked upon him with reverence."

3. "modica." Lat. *modus*, measure; due or proper quantity; *modicus*, moderately; *modicum*, a small quantity, a measured supply. — Reduce this paragraph to its "lowest [verbal] terms"!

Page 86. 1. "Excise and Farm scheme." An excise was an inland duty or impost on tobacco, spirits, etc.; also on licenses to trade. Compare the English system with our internal revenue system. Lat. *ex*, out, off; *caedĕre*, to cut; *excisum*, cut out, or cut off. The special function of a *ganger* was to ascertain the capacity, or contents, of casks. Burns's salary is said to have been £70 a year. The farm was at Ellisland, some five miles from Dumfries. See map.

2. "lie at the pool," etc. Repeat the story of Bethesda, John v. 1–17.

3. "Patronage." Burns loathed the thought of dedicating his poems to some patron in order to get assistance. He glories in what he calls "independence." He begins his "Cotter's Saturday Night" thus: —

> "My loved, my honored, much respected friend,
> No mercenary bard his homage pays;
> With honest pride I scorn each selfish end;
> My dearest meed a friend's esteem and praise."

4. "preferred self-help," etc. Did he carry these sentiments too far?

Page 87. 1. "owed no man anything." See Romans xiii. 8. Nine days before his death he wrote as follows, from Brow on the Solway Firth, to his cousin James Burness: "When you offered me

money assistance, little did I think I should want it so soon. A rascal of a haberdasher to whom I owe a considerable bill, taking it into his head that I am dying, has commenced a process against me, and will infallibly put my emaciated body into jail. . . . save me from the horrors of a jail!" — Characterize, by a word, the spirit of this paragraph.

2. "The woman," etc. Jean Armour, to whom he had already been privately married, and whom he now wedded by a public ceremony complying with all the forms of law. See the song, "The Winsome Wee Thing," *post*.

3. "Picturesque tourists." In a footnote Carlyle says as follows: "There is one little sketch by certain 'English gentlemen' of this class, which, though adopted in Currie's Narrative, and since then repeated in most others, we have all along felt an invincible disposition to regard as imaginary: 'On a rock that projected into the stream, they saw a man employed in angling, of singular appearance. He had a cap made of fox-skin on his head, a loose greatcoat fixed round him by a belt, from which depended an enormous Highland broad-sword. It was Burns.' Now, we rather think, it was *not* Burns. For, to say nothing of the fox-skin cap, the loose and quite Hibernian watchcoat with the belt, what are we to make of this 'enormous Highland broad-sword' depending from him? More especially, as there is no word of parish constables on the outlook to see whether, as Dennis phrases it, he had an eye to his own midriff or that of the public! Burns, of all men, had the least need, and the least tendency, to seek for distinction, either in his own eyes, or those of others, by such poor mummeries."

4. "Mæcenases." Mæcenas (70 ?–8 B.C.), a Roman knight, rich, cultured, and generous, who took Horace and Vergil under his patronage, and whose name has become a synonym for liberal patron of literary talent.

Page 88. 1. "These men . . . were proximately the means of his ruin." See the conclusion of Carlyle's "The Hero as Man of Letters," as quoted in this book, beginning, "My last remark is," etc. — This paragraph = what?

2, 3, 4. "Loadstar . . . sea . . . Meteors . . ." etc. Felicitous metaphors? See Carlyle's great "History of the French Revolution"; Fisher's admirable summary in his "Outlines of Univ. Hist.," pp. 499–514. "Loadstar" is fr. A.S. *lád*, a way, and *star*; lit. way-star, *i.e.* the star that shows the *way*. Skeat.

5. "collision," etc. As Exciseman he captured an armed smug-

gling brig. Four of its small cannon he dispatched to the French Convention. They were started *en route* at Dover, and Mr. Corbeck, one of the Superiors (so Burns tells us, in his letter to Mr. Erskine, recorded in his memorandum book, April 13, 1793), informed him [me] that "my business was to act, and not to think, and that, whatever might be men or measures, it was for me to be silent and obedient."

Page 89. 1. "cast the first stone." John viii. 7.

2. "Jacobin." The club of Jacobins (so called from their place of meeting, the monastery of *St. Jaques*) aimed at the overthrow of the old political institutions of France. For more of Burns's political sentiments, see "Life of Burns" by Lockhart, Blackie, Shairp, Chambers, Cunningham, etc.

3. "one act guilty of all." Scripture allusion? — Name subject of this paragraph.

Page 90. 1. "Baillie's." "Dict. Nat. Biog."

2. "hing," hang.

3. "dowie," sad.

4. "-bing," pile, heap of grain, etc.

5. "snd," should.

6. "linking it," tripping.

7. Entertained him very agreeably "with a bowl of his usual potation," says Lockhart, *q.v.* This anecdote illustrates what?

8. "Where bitter indignation can no longer lacerate his heart." So Carlyle renders Dean Swift's epitaph, *Ubi saeva indignatio cor ulterius lacerare nequit*, composed by Swift himself (Jonathan Swift, 1667–1745). More of Swift! This paragraph = ?

Page 91. 1. "Not as a hired soldier," etc. He volunteered as a soldier at Dumfries, and composed (in April, 1795) the popular song, "The Dumfries Volunteers," beginning: —

> "Does haughty Gaul invasion threat?
> Then let the loons beware, Sir,
> There's wooden walls upon our seas,
> And volunteers on shore, Sir."

It ends: —

> "Who will not sing 'God save the King'
> Shall hang as high's the steeple;
> But while we sing 'God save the King,'
> We'll ne'er forget the people!"

2. "high-mindedness," etc. Refusing a draft of £5, which his editor had sent him for some of his effusions, Burns writes, as if

his brain were unduly affected: "I swear by that honor which crowns the upright statue of Robert Burns's integrity, on the least motion of it [payment], I will indignantly spurn the by-past transaction, and from that moment commence to be an entire stranger to you. Burns's character for generosity of sentiment and independence of mind will, I trust, long outlive any of his wants which the cold unfeeling ore can supply." Is Carlyle quite correct in his estimate of this attitude of Burns? — Substance, in fewest possible words, of this paragraph?

3. "Three gates of deliverance," etc. Was there not a *fourth;* viz. reformation, and sober, silent, continuous *work?* See note, *ante*, on "The only true happiness," p. 130.

Page 92. 1. "physical causes," etc. Was it then too late? On the 5th of December, 1793, he begins a letter thus: "Heated as I was with wine yesternight." Another letter, late in 1794, begins: "I was, I know, drunk last night, but am sober this morning." On Feb. 7, 1795, he writes, from Carlyle's birthplace, Ecclefechan, as follows: "I have been in a dilemma, either to get drunk to forget these miseries, or to hang myself to get rid of them . . . I of two evils have chosen the least, and am very drunk!"

2. "So the milder third gate was opened," etc. Note the deep pathos of this conclusion, which Wickes calls a "beautiful epitaph." Compare with it the passage we have quoted from "Sartor Resartus," beginning, "O ye loved ones that already sleep in the noiseless Bed of Rest," etc. — True "inwardness" of this paragraph in shortest phrase.

3. "counsel, true affection, and friendly ministrations," etc. Is it not singular that Carlyle does not recognize the disease, sure to prove fatal to this exquisitely sensitive poet — *intemperance?*

4. "mortifying truth," etc. *Mortifying* indeed; but is it *truth?*

Page 93. 1. "Friendship, in the old heroic sense of that term, no longer exists," etc. Is Carlyle not utterly mistaken? Is this the outcome of eighteen centuries of Christianity?

2. "twice cursed." "Merchant of Ven.," IV. i. 177, Sprague's.

3. "sentiment of Pride . . . the basis of our whole social morality." Is it possible that this is true? What of the golden rule? See note on "a noble pride" near the beginning of the essay. The reader will recall Sam. Johnson's spiteful rejection of proffered charity while a student. With such a sentiment compare Carlyle's, uttered in 1824: "If it were but a crust of bread and a cup of water that Heaven has given thee, rejoice that thou hast none but Heaven to thank for it. A man that is not standing on his own feet soon

ceases to be a man at all." By contrast, note what a great poet has said: —

"God never never made an independent man."

Observe, too, that Johnson himself, who in 1755 had defined "Pensioner" "a slave of state, hired by a stipend to obey his master," accepted, in 1762, a pension of £300 a year! What was the result, at last, to Burns and his family, of his "independence"? See the song "For a' That and a' That." — In a word or two, gist of paragraph?

3. "softest heart then breathing." Correct metaphor?

Page 94. 1. "as the English did Shakespeare." But *did* they? Investigate and report!

2. "Philip II." (1527–1598), king of Spain.

3. "Cervantes" (Miguel de, 1547–1616) early in the seventeenth century published his great classic, "Don Quixote," "to render abhorred of men the false and absurd stories contained in the books of chivalry." He had been wounded in the battle of Lepanto (1571), was for years held as a slave in Algiers, and was repeatedly imprisoned for debt. More of him?

4. "grapes of thorns." Matthew vii. 16.

5. "little Babylons." Daniel, iv. 30. Observe Carlyle's familiarity with Scripture.

Page 95. 1. "go and do otherwise." Luke x. 37.

2. "solemn mandate." Where and when?

3. "no Burns . . . to assuage." Can a *man* be *assuaged?* — Lat. *ad*, Old Fr. prefix *a-; suavis*, sweet. Properly *assuage* is, in all but the prefix, a doublet of *sweeten*. Skeat.

4. "fardels." Low Lat. *fardellus*, a burden, a pack. See Sprague's ed. of "Hamlet," III. i. 76, 77. — Essential doctrine of this paragraph?

5. "to its Teachers," etc. Why?

6. "the poison-chalice." See our edition of Macbeth, I. vii. 11.

7. "the welcome," etc. Matthew xxiii. 34; Acts vii. 52.

8. "Homer." See quotation already given on Homer's begging his bread.

9. "Socrates" (469–399 B.C.).

> "To sage Philosophy next lend thine ear,
> From heaven descended to the low-roofed house
> Of Socrates. See there his tenement,
> Whom, well inspired the oracle pronounced
> Wisest of men." — Milton's "Paradise Regained," IV.

See "Class. Dict." for more of Socrates.

10. "Apostles." All martyred but John?

11. "Roger Bacon" (1219–1294), a Franciscan friar, "The Admirable Doctor," a man of vast learning, acuteness, and inventive genius. His deep studies in natural science and his discoveries were believed to antagonize religion, and he is said to have been imprisoned some ten years. See in Green's "Short History" a summary of the story of this strange, wonderful man.

12. "Galileo" (Galileo Galilei, 1564–1642), the illustrious astronomer, inventor, natural philosopher; said to have invented the telescope, discovered the moons of Jupiter and the crescent phases of Venus, and to have advocated so boldly the Copernican theory of the solar system, that he was imprisoned and was compelled by the Roman Inquisition to renounce his views. "Encyclopedia Britannica," etc.

13. "Tasso" (Torquato, 1544–1595), mysteriously imprisoned seven years and two months by Duke Alfonso of Ferrara, Italy. See Wiffen's biography prefixed to his elegant translation of Tasso's great epic, "Jerusalem Delivered."

14. "Camoëns" (Luis, 1524–1579), the famous Portuguese poet, author of the "Lusiad," a national epic glorifying events in his country's history, especially the discovery by Vasco da Gama (in 1498) of the passage to India.

15. "persecuted," etc. Matt. v. 12; Acts vii. 52. Instances? — Sum up this paragraph under an appropriate title.

Page 96. 1. "The sternest sum-total," etc. If true, in what sense?

2. "triumphed over Death." Ephes. iv. 8; 1 Cor. xv. 54–57, etc. Illustrations.

> "The spirit shall return to Him
> That gave its heavenly spark;
> Yet think not, Sun, it shall be dim
> When thou thyself art dark!
> No! it shall live again, and shine
> In bliss unknown to beams of thine,
> By Him recalled to breath
> Who captive led captivity,
> Who robbed the grave of Victory,
> And took the sting from Death!"
>
> — Campbell's "The Last Man."

Name the moral taught by this paragraph.

Page 97. 1. "Restaurateur" (Lat. *restaurare*, fr. *re*, again, and an unused *staurare*, to establish, make firm; Fr. *restaurer*, to restore, refresh), a restorator, keeper of a restaurant. What of this metaphor? "It is a damnable heresy," says Carlyle ("Note Book," Dec. 3, 1826), "to maintain either expressly or implicitly that the ultimate object of poetry is sensation. That of cookery is such, but not that of poetry. Sir Walter Scott is the great intellectual *restaurateur* of Europe. What are his novels — any one of them? Are we wiser, better, holier, stronger? No. We have been amused."

2. "The influences . . . subordinate," etc. Reconstruct this sentence.

3. "reconcile these two," etc. What? — Give this paragraph a distinctive title.

4. "a far sorer battle . . . than his was." Better omit *was*?

5. "Locke" (John, 1632–1704), English philosopher, theologian, political writer. Involved in the fortunes of his friend, the Lord Chancellor, Earl of Shaftesbury, who was accused of high treason (1682), Locke fled to Holland (1684). He returned to England in the fleet that convoyed the Princess of Orange (1689). More of Locke? Was he "banished"?

6, 7. "Milton . . . in darkness," etc. "A mightier spirit, unsubdued by pain, danger, poverty, obloquy, and blindness, meditated, undisturbed by the obscene tumult which raged all around, a song so sublime and so holy that it would not have misbecome the lips of those ethereal virtues, whom he saw with that inner eye which no calamity could darken, flinging down on the jasper pavement their crowns of amaranth and gold." Macaulay.

"His immortal song."

> "Unchanged
> To hoarse or mute, though fallen on evil days,
> On evil days though fallen, and evil tongues,
> In darkness, and with dangers compassed round
> And solitude; yet not alone while thou
> Visit'st my slumbers nightly, or when morn
> Purples the east. Still govern thou my song,
> Urania, and fit audience find, though few."
>
> — "Paradise Lost," VII. 24–31.

More in regard to Milton?

Page 98. 1. "Araucana." An epic poem in thirty-seven cantos, written in the wilderness where he fought, by the Spanish poet, Alonzo de Ercilla y Zuñica (1533–1595). Its subject was the Spanish

expedition against Arauco, Chili. — A brief designation of the contents of this paragraph ?

2. "a high, heroic idea," etc. See especially Milton's "Apology for Smectymnuus," and Book ii. of his "Reason of Church Government."

3. "heavenly Wisdom." "Par. Lost," VII. 9–11.

4. "golden-calf." Exodus xxxii. 3, 4; Psalms cvi. 19, 20.

5. "reasonable service." Romans xii. 1. Is the *Goodness* properly designated as *service?* Define the essence of this paragraph.

6. "enjoyment . . . the only thing he longs and strives for." Weigh the statement! Is it not too sweeping?

Page 99. 1. "He has no Religion." A correct diagnosis?

2. "Rabelais" (François, 1495–1553), the "comic Homer," a French physician, philosopher, humorist; satirical and brilliant, but profane and nasty. He is reported to have said, when dying, "I am now about to take a leap in the dark: . . . let down the curtain; the farce is done!" — Descriptive word for this paragraph?

3. "serene ether." See on *empyrean, ante.*

Page 100. 1. "Jean Paul" = Johann Paul Friedrich Richter (1763–1825). The philosophy, humor, wit, and wisdom of this mystical German author were first made known to the English public by one of Carlyle's essays in 1827. More about him? — What word about this paragraph?

2. "brightening the thick smoke of intoxication with fire lent him from heaven." Shall we not rather fear it was too often a darkening of the fire with the thick smoke of intoxication?

3. "amuck" (Malay *amog*, furious), in a frenzied and reckless manner. *To run amuck* is to assail violently and indiscriminately. Is Carlyle's wonder reasonable? — Distinctive phrase for this paragraph?

4, 5. "Byron . . . Burns." Observe the characterizations, contrasts, likenesses, failures. Is Carlyle correct?

6. "the highest worldly honors," etc. But see Taine's "Eng. Lit." IV. ii. 271 *et seq.*, Van Laun's Translation.

Page 101. 1. "God and Mammon." Luke xvi. 13. Other Scriptures to same effect?

Page 102. 1. "words of Milton." In his "Apology for Smectymnuus" (1642) he writes: "I was confirmed in this opinion, that he who would not be frustrate of his hope to write well hereafter in laudable things, ought himself to be a true poem; that is, a composition and pattern of the best and most honourable things, not presum-

ing to sing high praises of heroic men or famous cities unless he have in himself the experience and the practice of all that which is praiseworthy." In the preface of Book ii. of his "Reason of Church Government," Milton tells of the painstaking efforts and strict discipline by which he had prepared himself to be a true poet. See the magnificent passage. See, too, the splendid results of all that consecration of genius.

2. "Courser of the Sun," etc. From his palace in the far east, the sun-god Helius, sometimes identified with Hyperion or Apollo, every morning ascends the sky in a chariot drawn by four horses! See Guido's "Aurora." On reading such characteristic passages as this, one is tempted to wish that Carlyle had chosen poetry rather than prose for the vehicle of his thoughts. — Suggest a proper title for this paragraph.

Page 103. 1. "Plebiscita." Gr. πλῆθος, plēthos; Lat. *plebs, plebis*, the mass, the people, the crowd, the commons; *scire*, to know; *sciscĕre*, to accept, approve, vote for; *scitum*, an ordinance or decree of the *people* (not of the Senate).

2. "hippodrome." Gr. ἵππος, *hippos*, horse; δρόμος, *dromos*, race, running.

3. "gin horse." Lat. *ingenium*; Fr. *engin*, skill, machine, engine. See Sprague's ed. of "Macbeth," IV. ii. 35.

4. "diameter of the gin horse." Of *what?* So *that of the planet* = what?

5. "the same ratio," etc. Apply these analogies in terms as little figurative as possible, so as to illustrate the point which Carlyle urges in this paragraph.

6. "Swifts." Read in "Taine," II. iii. 116–123, and in "Morley and Tyler," 513–517, the sad story of the brilliant author of "Gulliver's Travels." See note, *ante*.

7. "Rousseau" (Jean Jacques, 1712–1778), philosopher, novelist, would-be-reformer, sentimental deist; a man to be admired, pitied, loathed, as his "Confessions" shows.

8. "Ramsgate." A popular seaside resort in Kent, about twenty-five miles north-northeast of Dover.

9. "Isle of Dogs." A peninsula of the Thames, where the king's dogs were once kept. It is within the limits of London, and now partly occupied by the "West India docks." — Terse expression for this paragraph?

10. "enshrined in all hearts," etc. Had Carlyle in mind Milton's epitaph on Shakespeare? It closes with these words: —

"Then thou, our fancy of itself bereaving,
Dost make us marble with too much conceiving,
And, so sepulchred, in such pomp dost lie
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die!"

Page 104. 1. "pearl-fishers." Metaphor?

2. "Valclusa." The valley, village, and fountain of Vaucluse, near Avignon, in the south-east of France, were favorite haunts of the elegant Italian poet, of whom Chaucer in his prologue to the "Clerk's Tale of Patient Griselda" so handsomely says: —

"I will you telle a talë, which that I
Learned at Padowe of a worthy clerk,
As proved by his wordës and his work.
He is now dead and nailed in his chest;
I pray to God to give his soul good rest!
Fraunces Petrark, the laureate poete,
Highte this clerk, whose rethorique sweet
Enlumyned all Itaille of poetrie."

SOME EXAMINATION QUESTIONS.

In the matter of examinations, as a rule, the teacher will do wisely to exercise his own judgment rather than to follow that of another. There is danger of requiring of pupils *too much*. If the daily class-work has been faithfully performed, the monthly or quarterly or annual examination should always be made easy and pleasant for the student. Above all, one should make sure that he *sees* and *feels* that which is *best* in the author or the masterpiece. The following are mere suggestions:

1. What do you know of Carlyle?
2. What of Burns?
3. What are the great divisions of this essay?
4. What is Carlyle's criticism on previous biographies of Burns?
5. What is Carlyle's idea of the chief function of a biography?
6. Does his essay on Burns come up to that ideal?
7. What was the source of Burns's strength as a man?
8. What was his weakness as a man?
9. What can you say of his poetic genius?
10. Quote to show his patriotism; his humor; his tenderness; his manliness, etc.
11. In what does he most excel?
12. Explain the unusual words in any of the verses quoted by Carlyle.
13. What can you say of Carlyle's personal appearance? of his manners?
14. What of Burns's looks? his behavior?
15. Name some of Carlyle's greatest works. Describe one of them.
16. Name some of Burns's poems. Describe the one of them you like best. Reason for your preference? Quote in illustration.
17. What was Carlyle's underlying purpose in life? What did he do for the world?

18. What did Burns do for literature?
19. What part of this essay do you like best? Why?
20. In what does Carlyle's power as a writer consist? Quote to illustrate this essay.
21. Resemblances between Burns and Carlyle?
22. Resemblances between Burns and any American poets?
23. Carlyle at Chelsea.
24. Burns at Edinburgh.
25. State the "argument" or course of thought in any division or subdivision of this essay.
26. What do you think of Carlyle's criticism of Byron?
27. Explain the allusions in the paragraph that mentions *Saracens;* paragraph that names *Macpherson;* paragraph that speaks of *Meteors of French Politics.*
28. Comment on paragraph that suggests three gates of deliverance.
29. If moral elevation and inspiration are the chief objects to be aimed at in the study of literature, does this essay clearly tend to that end? Why? or why not?
30. Give an analysis of "The Cotter's Saturday Night"; of the song, "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled."
31. Moral or lesson taught by Burns's life?
32. According to Carlyle what are the ingredients that constitute heroism? Is he right in this?
33. Carlyle's singular style. (See the quotations from him.)
34. Carlyle's friendships.
35. Carlyle's wife; his home life.
36. Burns as an exciseman.
37. Carlyle's estimate of "Tam o' Shanter."
38. What Burns might have been, had life and health been prolonged till he reached the age of "three-score and ten."
39. Effect of environment on poetic genius? Contrast Carlyle's view with Macaulay's in the latter's essay on Milton.
40. Carlyle on moral "mud-baths," or "Devil's service," as a preparation for success in life.
41. Judged by the views and sentiments of Carlyle expressed in the Burns essay alone, what kind of man was Carlyle?

SOME TOPICS FOR ESSAYS

RELATING TO CARLYLE.

I call *that* the best theme, which shows that the boy has read and thought for himself; *that* the next best, which shows that he has read several books, and digested what he has read; and *that* the worst, which shows that he has followed but one book, and that without reflection.

— *Arnold.*

Carlyle's Parentage.

His Early Environment.

His Preparation for the University.

His Student Life at Edinburgh.

His Choice of Profession: Teaching.

Jane Welsh and their Marriage.

Life at Edinburgh, Craigenputtoch, etc.

Work in German Literature: Criticism.

Dyspepsia.

What Jeffrey told Charles Sumner as to the *Style* in the Essay on Burns.

Home in Chelsea.

Failures to obtain Positions sought.

Courses of Lectures delivered.

Founding of Library.

Rectorship of Edinburgh University.

Death of Wife; of Himself.

Carlyle as a Man.

Carlyle as a Philosopher.

Carlyle as a Sociologist.

Carlyle as a Historian.

Carlyle as a Biographer.

Carlyle as an Essayist.

His Humor, Pathos, Dramatic Power; Worship of Force; Love of Truth, of Duty, of Utility.

His Personal Appearance and Manners.

His Biographers and Critics — *e.g.* Symington, Norton, Hutton, Froude, Bayne, Hunt, Garnett, Masson, Japp, Macpherson, Lowell, Jeffrey, or Minto, etc.; especially Taine, II. 435–476.

Carlyle and Lord Jeffrey; Edward Irving, John Sterling, John Stuart Mill, Sir Robert Peel, Dr. Chalmers, Goethe, or Emerson, etc.

Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus," "Mirabeau," "Diamond Necklace," or any other of his works.

Any paragraph or *important topic* in the Essay on Burns.

Any one of the magazine articles on Carlyle referred to in Poole's "Index."

See Welsh's "English Masterpiece Course," pp. 190, 191, published by Silver, Burdett & Company, Boston, New York, Chicago.

See the points mentioned under "Some Examination Questions."

TOPICS FOR EXAMINATION AND ESSAYS,

RELATING TO BURNS.

[A bare outline, designedly imperfect, of Burns's environment and career is here presented as a basis, or series of topics, for the student's investigation. He is expected to scan it closely; test its correctness; reject freely anything unimportant or not sufficiently authenticated; develop what is imperfectly treated, if worthy of more attention; add other facts of importance, if any he can find; make a more logical arrangement, if practicable; and so, *doing his own thinking*, prepare a better summary of facts, or even write out a series of biographical articles or critical essays.]

Ayrshire and Ayr. The name Burnes or Burness, how changed to Burns? William Burnes and Agnes Brown. Agnes's acquaintance with ballads and legends. William's nobility. Nursery gardening. Clay-built cottage. Doon bridge, Alloway. Birth of Robert, eldest of seven. Gilbert's arrival.

Extreme poverty; hard labor; butcher's meat unknown. Mount Oliphant. New pecuniary difficulties. School; proficiency of Robert in studies? Instruction by father. Any talent for music? Habitual melancholy. Headaches. Bible. "Life of Hannibal"; "Life of Wallace"; influence of such books? Mason's "Collection

of Prose and Verse." The little library. Robert's book knowledge at eleven? "The Vision of Mirza"; Addison's "How are thy servants blest," etc. John Murdoch. Jenny Wilson.

Harvesting with the "bonnie, sweet, sonsie lass"; first poetry. Susceptibility to the influence of female beauty? Father's distresses: the factor and the threatening letters. Dancing-school. Lochlea, Tarbolton. Books accessible to him? Seven pounds *per annum*. Love adventures confided to him.

Kirkoswald: school, Hugh Rodgers, mensuration, surveying; smugglers, dissipation. "Sent off in a tangent"—how? Return home. Fortnight's French. Reading. Practice in letter-writing. "Vive l'amour, et vive la bagatelle." "Winter," his earliest printed poem? "Death of Poor Mailie." "John Barleycorn." Letter and poem to Miss Alexander. Debating and convivial club; Tarbolton. Stirrings of ambition.

Irvine. Flax-dressing. Misconduct and penance. The New Year's fire. Father's misfortunes. Gilbert and Robert at Mossgiel. Works of Thomson, Shenstone, Sterne, Mackenzie? Self-education? Jilted? Father's death; Robert's prayer.

Mauchline. Ferguson's "Scottish Poems." Farming under difficulties; bad seed; late harvest, etc. Satires. "To a Mouse." "To a Mountain Daisy." Sympathy with all animate and even inanimate Nature. "Cotter's Saturday Night." Irreverent in appearance, yet deeply religious at heart? Love songs.

Packing up for Jamaica. Why? Like Goldsmith? Publication of poems at Kilmarnock? Result? The Clyde, Greenock. "The Gloomy Night is Gathering Fast." "Verses written under Violent Grief"? Dr. Blacklock; Rev. Mr. Laurie; Loudoun.

To Edinburgh on foot. Robinson, Blair, Stewart, Gregory, Mackenzie, Tytler, Lord Monboddo and daughter? "Elegy on Miss Burnet." "The Caledonian Hunt." Drinking customs; influence? Attempts at lofty epistolary style. Second edition of poems. Good society and poor society? Popularity. Tour on horseback. Mossgiel.

Edinburgh again. The Highlands. Burns and Dr. Adair on tour? Burns and Mr. Nicoll. "The Humble Petition of Bruar Water." Song, "Banks by Castle Gordon," its origin? Edinburgh society; dissipation? Receipts for poems? Mossgiel. Generosity to Gilbert; to mother. Ellisland. Marriage, Jean Armour. Letters

to Mrs. Dunlop — correspondence how begun? "Tam o' Shanter" — origin, how composed? Convivial habits. Failure at farming — why? Exciseman, gauging, inspecting, licensing — what and how? Salary? Occasional poems?

Auction at Ellisland. Years at Dumfries? French Revolution and Burns? Political utterances, and trouble? Why not promoted. Contributions to Johnson's Museum? "Rock of Independence"? Thompson's "Collection of Original Scottish Airs." Tinkering old ballads? Making and breaking resolutions? Downward career, disappointments. Effect of hard drinking? Indigestion, palpitation. Illness, October, 1795, to January, 1796.

Death of daughter. Lines thereon. Asleep in gutter in midwinter? Rheumatism. Lawsuit against him. Where are his admirers? On-coming darkness. Distressful requests for loans. Sea-bathing at Brow. Convalescence and relapse. Who showed him kindness? Fever. His words to his fellow-soldier, John Gibson, "Pray, don't let the awkward squad fire over me!" Death. Military and civic parade at his funeral?

His personal appearance; height; strength of body; forehead; size of head; quantity, color, and shape of locks; size, color, and looks of his eyes; complexion, face, features, expression; voice?

His genius; lyric power, fire; originality; insight; intensity; sympathy, love; command of language; delineation of character; fertility of imagination; wit; humor; patriotism; manliness; sincerity; hatred of shams? Was he capable of prolonged flights of imagination? His greatness of soul.

POEMS OF ROBERT BURNS.

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY,

ON TURNING ONE DOWN WITH THE PLOW IN APRIL, 1786.

(See page 46.)

Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower,
Thou's met me in an evil hour;
For I maun crush amang the stoure — must; dust
Thy slender stem:
To spare thee now is past my power,
Thou bonnie gem.

Alas! it's no thy neebor sweet, — neighbor
The bonnie lark, companion meet!
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet! — wet, wetness
Wi' speckled breast,
When upward-springing, blithe, to greet
The purpling east.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north
Upon thy early, humble birth;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
Amid the storm,
Scarce reared above the parent earth
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flowers our gardens yield,
High sheltering woods and wa's maun shield, — walls
But thou beneath the random bield — shelter
O' clod, or stane,
Adorns the histie stibble field — dry; stubble
Unseen, alane.

There in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawie bosom sunward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
In humble guise;
But now the share up-tears thy bed,
And low thou lies.

Such is the fate of artless maid,
Sweet floweret of the rural shade!
By love's simplicity betrayed,
And guileless trust,
Till she, like thee, all soiled, is laid
Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple bard,
On life's rough ocean luckless starred!
Unskillful he to note the card
Of prudent lore,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And whelm him o'er!

Such fate to suffering worth is given,
Who long with wants and woes has striven,
By human pride or cunning driven
To misery's brink,
Till, wrenched of every stay but Heaven,
He, ruined, sink!

Even thou who mourn'st the daisy's fate,
That fate is thine — no distant date;
Stern Ruin's plowshare drives, elate,
Full on thy bloom,
Till crushed beneath the furrow's weight
Shall be thy doom!

TO A MOUSE,

ON TURNING HER UP IN HER NEST WITH THE PLOW, NOVEMBER, 1785.

(See page 46.)

Wee, sleekit, cowerin, timorous beastie, — sleek, sly
O, what a panic's in thy breastie!
Thou need na start awa sae hasty,
Wi' bickerin brattle! — tremulous hurrying; scamper
I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee, — loath
Wi' murderin pattle! — small spade, hand-stick

I'm truly sorry man's dominion
Has broken Nature's social union,
An' justifies that ill opinion
Which makes thee startle
At me, thy poor earth-born companion,
An' fellow-mortal!

I doubt na, whyles, but thou may thieve; — sometimes
What then? poor beastie, thou maun live!
A daimen-icker in a thrave — rare ear of corn; 24 sheaves
'S a sma' request:
I'll get a blessin wi' the lave, — rest, remainder
And never miss't!

Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin!
Its silly wa's the win's are strewin!
An' naething, now, to big a new one, — build
O' foggage green! — after-grass
An' bleak December's winds ensuin,
Baith snell an' keen! — biting

Thou saw the fields laid bare an' waste,
An' weary winter comin fast,
An' cozie here, beneath the blast,
Thou thought to dwell,
Till, crash! the cruel coulter past
Out through thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble
Has cost thee mony a weary nibble!
Now thou's turned out, for a' thy trouble,
But house nor hald, } without; abiding-place
To thole the winter's sleety dribble, } endure; drizzle, drizzling
An' cranreuch cauld! hoar-frost

But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane, not thyself alone
In proving foresight may be in vain:
The best-laid schemes o' mice an' men
Gang aft a-gley, awry
An' lea'e us nought but grief and pain,
For promised joy.

Still thou art blest, compared wi' me!
The present only toucheth thee:
But, och! I backward cast my e'e
On prospects drear!
An' forward, though I canna see,
I guess an' fear!

From THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

(The family worship of Robert's father, William Burns, "the saint, the father, and the husband.")

XII.

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
They 'round the ingle form a circle wide; fireplace
The Sire turns o'er, with patriarchal grace,
The big ha'-Bible, ance his father's pride; hall
His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
His lyart haffets wearing thin and bare; gray temples
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
He wales a portion with judicious care; selects
And "Let us worship God!" he says, with solemn air.

XIII.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise;
  They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim:
Perhaps Dundee's wild-warbling measures rise,
  Or plaintive Martyrs, worthy of the name;
Or noble Elgin beets the heaven-ward flame, } adds fuel to, helps
  The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays.
Compared with these, Italian trills are tame;
  The tickled ears no heartfelt raptures raise;
  Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

XIV.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
  How Abram was the friend of God on high;
Or, Moses bade eternal warfare wage
  With Amalek's ungracious progeny;
Or how the royal bard did groaning lie
  Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire;
Or Job's pathetic plaint and wailing cry;
  Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire;
Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

XV.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme,
  How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed;
How he who bore in Heaven the second name,
  Had not on earth whereon to lay his head:
How His first followers and servants sped,
  The precepts sage they wrote to many a land:
How he, who lone in Patmos banished,
  Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand;
And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounc'd by
    Heaven's command.

XVI.

Then kneeling down, to HEAVEN'S ETERNAL KING,
The Saint, the Father, and the Husband prays:
Hope "springs exulting on triumphant wing,"*
That thus they all shall meet in future days;
There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their Creator's praise,
In such society, yet still more dear,
While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.

XVII.

Compared with this, how poor Religion's pride,
In all the pomp of method and of art,
When men display to congregations wide,
Devotion's ev'ry grace except the heart!
The Pow'r, incens'd, the pageant will desert,
The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole;
But haply, in some cottage far apart,
May hear well pleas'd the language of the soul,
And in His book of life the inmates poor enroll.

XVIII.

Then homeward all take off their several way;
The youngling cottagers retire to rest:
The parent pair their secret homage pay,
And proffer up to Heaven the warm request,
That He, who stills the raven's clam'rous nest,
And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride,
Would in the way His wisdom sees the best,
For them and for their little ones provide;
But, chiefly, in their hearts with grace divine preside.

* From Pope's *Windsor Forest*.

XIX.

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
That makes her loved at home, rever'd abroad:
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
"An honest man's the noblest work of God;" *
And *certes*, in fair virtue's heav'nly road,
The cottage leaves the palace far behind.
What is a lordling's pomp? a cumbrous load,
Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refin'd!

XX.

O Scotia! my dear, my native soil!
For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent!
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content!
And, O! may heaven their simple lives prevent
From luxury's contagion weak and vile!
Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
A virtuous populace may rise the while,
And stand a wall of fire around their much-lov'd isle.

XXI.

O Thou who pour'd the patriotic tide
That streamed through Wallace's undaunted heart,
Who dar'd to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
Or nobly die, the second glorious part,—
The patriot's God peculiarly Thou art,
His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward!
O never, never, Scotia's realm desert;
But still the patriot and the patriot's bard
In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard!

* From Pope's *Essay on Man*.

From SCOTCH DRINK, March, 1786.

(See page 58.)

When Vulcan gies his bellows breath, — gives
An' plowmen gather wi' their graith, — tackle, gear
O rare! to see thee fizz an' freath — hiss; froth
I' the luggit caup! — eared, having handles; cup
Then Burnewin comes on like death
At ev'ry chaup. — chop, stroke

Nae mercy, then, for airn or steel;
The brawny, bainie plowman chiel, — bony; young fellow
Brings hard owre hip, wi' sturdy wheel, — over
The strong fore-hammer,
Till block an' studdie ring and reel — anvil
Wi' dinsome clamor.

ODE TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. OSWALD.

(See page 64.)

Written in anger. He lived to think better of the name.

Dweller in yon dungeon dark,
Hangman of creation, mark!
Who in widow-weeds appears,
Laden with unhonored years,
Noosing with care a bursting purse,
Baited with many a deadly curse?

STROPHE.

View the wither'd Beldam's face—
Can thy keen inspection trace
Aught of Humanity's sweet melting grace?
Note that eye! 'tis rheum o'erflows,
Pity's flood *there* never rose.
See these hands, ne'er stretched to save,
Hands that took, but never gave!

Keeper of Mammon's iron chest,
Lo, there she goes, unpitied and unblest!
She goes, but not to realms of everlasting rest!

ANTISTROPHE.

Plunderer of Armies, lift thine eyes —
(Awhile forbear, ye tort'ring fiends!)
Seest thou whose step, unwilling hither bends?
No fallen angel, hurled from upper skies;
'Tis thy trusty quondam mate!
Doom'd to share thy fiery fate,
She, tardy, hell-ward plies!

EPODE.

And are they of no more avail,
Ten thousand glitt'ring pounds a-year?
In other worlds can Mammon fail,
Omnipotent as he is here?
O, bitter mock'ry of the pompous bier,
While down the wretched vital part is driv'n!
The cave-lodg'd beggar, with a conscience clear,
Expires in rags, unknown, and goes to Heaven!

TAM O' SHANTER.

(Edinburgh Edition, 1793. See page 67.)

"In the inimitable tale of Tam o' Shanter," says Scott, "Burns has left us sufficient evidence of his ability to combine the ludicrous with the awful, and even the horrible. No poet, with the exception of Shakespeare, ever possessed the power of exciting the most varied and discordant emotions with such rapid transitions."

When chapman billies leave the street,	peddler cronies
And drouthy neebors neebors meet,	thirsty neighbors
As market-days are wearing late,	
An' folks begin to tak' the gate;	road
While we sit bousing at the nappy,	drinking; strong ale
An' getting fou and unco happy,	"full," boozy; uncommonly

We think na on the lang Scotch miles,
The mosses, waters, slaps, an' stiles,
That lie between us and our hame,
Where sits our sulky sullen dame,
Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

This truth fand honest *Tam o' Shanter*,
As he frae Ayr, ae night did canter,
Auld Ayr, whom ne'er a town surpasses,
For honest men and bonny lasses.

O Tam! hadst thou but been sae wise,
As ta'en thy ain wife Kate's advice!
She tauld thee weel thou wast a skellum, blockhead
A blethering, blusterin, drunken blellum; jabbering; bawler
That frae November till October,
Ae market-day thou wast nae sober,
That ilka melder, wi' the miller, every load to be ground
Thou sat as lang as thou had siller; silver, money
That ev'ry naig was ca'd a shoe on, nag
The smith and thee gat roaring fou on,
That at the L—d's house, ev'n on Sunday,
Thou drank wi' Kirkton Jean till Monday.
She prophesied, that late or soon,
Thou would be found deep drown'd in *Doon*;
Or catch'd wi' warlocks in the mirk, wizards; dark
By Alloway's auld haunted kirk.

Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet, makes; weep
To think how mony counsels sweet,
How mony lengthened, sage advices,
The husband frae the wife despises!

But to our tale:—Ae market night
Tam had got planted unco right;
Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely, fireplace
Wi' reaming swats, that drank divinely; frothing new ale
And at his elbow, Souter Johnny, shoemaker
His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony.

Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither;
They had been fou for weeks thegither.
The night drave on with sangs and clatter:
And ay the ale was growing better:
The landlady and Tam grew gracious,
Wi' favors secret, sweet, and precious:
The souter told his queerest stories;
The landlord's laugh was ready chorus:
The storm without might rair and rustle,
Tam did na mind the storm a whistle.

Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
E'en drowned himself amang the nappy!
As bees flae hame wi' lades o' treasure,
The minutes winged their way wi' pleasure:
Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious!

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed;
Or like the snow-falls in the river,
A moment white — then melts forever;
Or like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form
Evanishing amid the storm.

Nae man can tether time nor tide;
The hour approaches, Tam maun ride;
That hour o' night's black arch the key-stane,
That dreary hour he mounts his beast in;
And sic a night he taks the road in, such
As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last;
The rattling showers rose on the blast;
The speedy gleams the darkness swallowed;
Loud, deep, and lang the thunder bellowed:
That night a child might understand,
The Deil had business on his hand.

Weel mounted on his gray mare Meg,—
A better never lifted leg,—
Tam skelpit on through dub and mire, { tripped, clattered, stept smartly
Despising wind, and rain, and fire;
Whiles holding fast his gude blue bonnet; sometimes
Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet; humming
Whiles glowering round wi' prudent cares, looking fearfully
Lest bogles catch him unawares; goblins
Kirk Alloway was drawing nigh,
Whare ghaists and houlets nightly cry. owlets, owls

By this time he was cross the ford,
Whare in the snaw the chapman smoored; smothered
And past the birks and meikle stane, stone
Where drunken Charlie brak's neck-bane;
And through the whins, and by the cairn, furze; stone heap
Whare hunters fand the murdered bairn;
And near the thorn, aboon the well, above
Whare Mungo's mither hanged hersel.
Before him Doon pours all his floods;
The doubling storm roars through the woods;
The lightnings flash from pole to pole;
Near and more near the thunders roll:
When, glimmering through the groaning trees,
Kirk Alloway seemed in a bleeze;
Through ilka bore the beams were glancing; hole in the wall
And loud resounded mirth and dancing.

Inspiring bold John Barleycorn!
What dangers thou canst make us scorn!
Wi' tippenny, we fear nae evil; two-pence beer
Wi' usquebae, we'll face the Devil! { whiskey (*aqua vitæ*)
The swats sae reamed in Tammie's noddle, frothed
Fair play, he cared na deils a boddle, copper
But Maggie stood right sair astonished,
Till, by the heel and hand admonished,
She ventured forward on the light:
And, wow! Tam saw an unco sight! vow, I vow!

Warlocks and witches in a dance;
Nae cotillon brent new frae France, { bright, "brand new"
But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels, dances of couples
Put life and mettle in their heels.
At winnock-bunker in the east, window-seat
There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast;
A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large, shaggy dog
To gie them music was his charge:
He screwed the pipes and gart them skirl, { made, forced; to shriek
Till roof and rafters a' did dirl. tremble, vibrate
Coffins stood round like open presses,
That shawed the dead in their last dresses;
And by some devilish cantrip sleight magic
Each in his cauld hand held a light,—
By which heroic Tam was able
To note upon the haly table,
A murderer's banes in gibbet airns;
Twa span-lang wee, unchristened bairns;
A thief, new-cutted frae a rape,
Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape;
Five tomahawks, wi' bluid red-rusted;
Five scimiters, wi' murder crusted;
A garter which a babe had strangled;
A knife a father's throat had mangled,
Whom his ain son o' life bereft,
The gray hairs yet stack to the heft;
Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu',
Which even to name would be unlawfu'.

As Tammie glowered, amazed and curious,
The mirth and fun grew fast and furious:
The piper loud and louder blew;
The dancers quick and quicker flew;
They reeled, they set, they crossed, they cleekit, linked
Till ilka carlin swat and reekit, stout old woman
And coost her duddies to the wark, cast; rags
And linket at it in her sark! tripped along; shirt

* * * * * * *

But here my Muse her wing maun cour;
Sic flights are far beyond her power;
To sing how Nannie lap and flang,
(A souple jade she was and strang.)
And how Tam stood like ane bewitched,
And thought his very een enriched;
Even Satan glowered, and fidged fu' fain, { stared; fidgeted; overjoyed
And hotched and blew wi' might and main: moved excitedly
Till first ae caper, syne anither, then
Tam tint his reason a' thegither, lost
And roars out, "Weel done, Cutty Sark!" short
And in an instant all was dark;
And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
When out the hellish legion sallied.

As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke, buzz; fret
When plundering herds assail their byke; hive
As open pussie's mortal foes, the hare's
When, pop! she starts before their nose;
As eager runs the market-crowd,
When "Catch the thief!" resounds aloud;
So Maggie runs, the witches follow,
Wi' mony an eldritch screech and halloo. unearthly, weird

Ah, Tam! ah, Tam! thou'll get thy fairin!
In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin!
In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin!
Kate soon will be a woefu' woman!
Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
And win the key-stane of the brig! bridge
There at them thou thy tail may toss:
A running stream they dare na cross.
But ere the key-stane she could make,
The fient a tail she had to shake! fiend, devil
For Nannie, far before the rest,
Hard upon noble Maggie prest,
And flew at Tam with furious ettle; aim
But little wist she Maggie's mettle. —

Ae spring brought off her master hale,
But left behind her ain gray tail: own
The carlin claught her by the rump,
And left poor Maggie scarce a stump!

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,
Ilk man and mother's son, take heed;
Whene'er to drink you are inclined,
Or cutty-sarks run in your mind,
Think, ye may buy the joys o'er dear:
Remember Tam o' Shanter's mare!

BANNOCKBURN.*

(Written in September, 1793. See page 64.)

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots wham Bruce has aften led,
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victory!

* "So may God defend the cause of Truth and Liberty, as He did that day! Amen!"—R. B.

"A friend had got a 'gray Highland shelty' for Burns, and he made a little excursion on it into Galloway. He was particularly struck with the scenery round Kenmore. From that place he and his companion took the Moor-road to Gatehouse, the dreary country being lighted up by frequent gleams of a thunder-storm, which soon poured down a flood of rain. Burns spoke not a word. 'What do you think he was about?' asked a fellow-traveller, relating the adventure. 'He was charging the English army along with Bruce at Bannockburn. He was engaged in the same manner on our ride home from St. Mary's Isle. I did not disturb him. Next day he produced the following address of Bruce to his troops.'"—Mr. Syme, quoted by Currie.

"Independent of my enthusiasm as a Scotchman, I have rarely met with anything in history which interested my feelings as a man equal with the story of Bannockburn. On the one hand, a cruel but able usurper leading on the finest army in Europe to extinguish the last spark of freedom among a greatly daring and injured people; on the other hand, the desperate relics of a gallant nation, devoting themselves to rescue their bleeding country or to perish with her."—Burns, to the Earl of Buchan, January 12, 1794.

Now's the day and now's the hour;
See the front o' battle lower;
See approach proud Edward's power,
Chains and slavery!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Let him turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw
Free-man stand, or free-man fa',
Let him on wi' me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they *shall* be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Let us do — or die!

MACPHERSON'S FAREWELL.

(See page 65.)

Farewell, ye dungeons dark and strong,
The wretch's destinie:
Macpherson's time will not be long
On yonder gallows-tree.

CHORUS.

Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,
Sae dauntingly gaed he;
He played a spring and danced it round,
Below the gallows-tree.

O, what is death but parting breath?
On mony a bloody plain
I've dared his face, and in this place
I scorn him yet again!

Sae rantingly, etc.

Untie these bands from off my hands,
And bring to me my sword!
And there's no man in a' Scotland,
But I'll brave him at a word.

Sae rantingly, etc.

I've lived a life of sturt and strife; trouble
I die by treacherie:
It burns my heart I must depart
And not avenged be.

Sae rantingly, etc.

Now farewell, light, thou sunshine bright,
And all beneath the sky!
May coward shame distain his name —
The wretch that dares not die!

Sae rantingly, etc.

POOR MAILIE'S ELEGY.

(See page 66.)

Lament in rhyme, lament in prose,
Wi' saut tears trickling down your nose; salt
Our bardie's fate is at a close,
Past a' remead; remedy
The last sad cap-stane of his woes:
Poor *Mailie's* dead.

It's no the loss o' warl's gear — world's riches
That could sae bitter draw the tear
Or mak our bardie, dowie, wear — grief-worn
The mourning weed:
He's lost a friend and neebor dear,
In *Mailie* dead.

Thro' a' the town she trotted by him;
A lang half-mile she could descry him;
Wi' kindly bleat, when she did spy him,
She ran wi' speed;
A friend mair faithfu' ne'er cam nigh him,
Than *Mailie* dead.

I wat she was a sheep o' sense, — wot, know
An' could behave herself wi' mense: — decorum
I'll say't, she never brake a fence
Thro' thievish greed.
Our bardie, lanely, keeps the spence — parlor, inner room
Sin' *Mailie's* dead.

Or if he wanders up the howe, — hollow, valley
Her living image in her yowe, — ewe
Comes bleating to him, owre the knowe, — knoll
For bits of bread;
An' down the briny pearls rowe — roll
For *Mailie's* dead.

* * * * * *

O! a' ye bards on bonnie Doon!
An' wha on Ayr your chanters tune! — bagpipe drones
Come join the melancholious croon — moan
O' *Robin's* reed!
His heart will never get aboon — above
His *Mailie* dead.

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

(Published in Johnson's *Museum*, 1790. See pp. 70, 180.)

Thou ling'ring star with less'ning ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.
O Mary, dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget,
Can I forget the hallow'd grove,
Where, by the winding Ayr, we met,
To live one day of parting love?
Eternity cannot efface
Those records dear of transports past,
Thy image at our last embrace:
Ah, little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr, gurgling, kissed his pebbled shore:
O'erhung with wild-woods, thickening green;
The fragrant birch and hawthorn hoar
Twin'd amorous round the raptur'd scene:
The flowers sprang wanton to be pressed,
The birds sang love on every spray;
Till too, too soon, the glowing west
Proclaimed the speed of winged day.

Still o'er those scenes my mem'ry wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care;
Time but th' impression stronger makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.
My Mary, dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

O, WILLIE BREW'D.

(A house-warming. Willie is William Nicol; Allan is Allan Masterson; Robert is Robert Burns. See page 70.)

I.

O, Willie brew'd a peck o' maut, malt
And Rob and Allan came to see:
Three blither hearts that lee-lang night live-long
Ye wad na find in Christendie.
We are na fou, we're no that fou,
But just a drappie in our e'e;
The cock may craw, the day may daw,
And aye we'll taste the barley bree. juice

II.

Here are we met, three merry boys,
Three merry boys, I trow are we;
And mony a night we've merry been,
And mony may we hope to be!

III.

It is the moon — I ken her horn,
That's blinking in the lift sae hie; sky
She shines sae bright to wyle us hame, entice
But, by my sooth, she'll wait a wee!

IV.

Wha first shall rise to gang awa',
A cuckold, coward loon is he! ragamuffin
Wha last beside his chair shall fa',
He is the king amang us three!
We are na fou, we're no that fou,
But just a drappie in our e'e;
The cock may craw, the day may daw,
And aye we'll taste the barley bree.

AULD LANG SYNE.*

(Johnson's *Museum*, 1796. See page 70.)

Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And never brought to min'?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And auld lang syne?

CHORUS.

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne.
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

We twa hae run about the braes,
And pou'd the gowans fine; { pulled; daisy flowers
But we've wandered mony a weary fitt foot
Sin auld lang syne.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stowp, jug
And surely I'll be mine;
And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

We twa hae paddled in the burn brook
Fra mornin sun till dine;
But seas between us braid hae roar'd
Sin auld lang syne.

And here's a hand, my trusty fier, companion
And gie's a hand o' thine;
And we'll tak a right guid-willie waught, hearty drink, swig
For auld lang syne.

* "Is not the Scotch phrase 'Auld lang syne' exceedingly expressive?" —BURNS, in letter to Mrs. Dunlop.

DUNCAN GRAY.

(Written for the work of Mr. Thomson. See page 70.)

I.

Duncan Gray cam here to woo,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!
On blythe yule night when we were fou!
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!
Maggie coost her head fu' high, — cast
Look'd asklent and unco skeigh, — askance; coy, proud
Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh; — made; aloof
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!

II.

Duncan fleech'd, and Duncan pray'd, — supplicated
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!
Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig, — a rocky islet
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!
Duncan sigh'd baith out and in,
Grat his e'en baith bleer't and blin', — shed tears, cried; red
Spak o' lowpin o'er a linn; — rocky waterfall
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!

III.

Time and chance are but a tide,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!
Slighted love is sair to bide,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!
Shall I, like a fool, quoth he,
For a haughty huzzie die? — jade
She may go to — France for me!
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!

IV.

How it comes let doctors tell,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!
Meg grew sick — as he grew hale,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!

Something in her bosom wrings,
For relief a sigh she brings:
And O, her e'en, they spak sic things! eyes; such
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!

V.

Duncan was a lad o' grace,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!
Maggie's was a piteous case,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!
Duncan could na be her death,
Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath; quenched
Now they are crouse and canty baith, courageous; merry
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!

FAREWELL TO AYR.

(See page 80.)

The gloomy night is gathering fast,
Loud roars the wild inconstant blast,
Yon murky cloud is foul with rain,
I see it driving o'r the plain;
The hunter now has left the moor,
The scatter'd coveys meet secure,
While here I wander, prest with care,
Along the lonely banks of *Ayr*.

The Autumn mourns her rip'ning corn
By early Winter's ravage torn;
Across her placid azure sky,
She sees the scowling tempest fly;
Chill runs my blood to hear it rave,
I think upon the stormy wave,
Where many a danger I must dare,
Far from the bonny banks of *Ayr*.

'Tis not the surging billow's roar,
'Tis not the fatal deadly shore;
Tho' death in every shape appear,
The wretched have no more to fear;
But round my heart the ties are bound,
That heart transpierc'd with many a wound —
These bleed afresh, those ties I tear,
To leave the bonny banks of *Ayr*.

Farewell, old *Coila's* hills and dales, Scotland's
Her healthy moors and winding vales;
The scenes where wretched fancy roves,
Pursuing past, unhappy loves!
Farewell, my friends! Farewell, my foes!
My peace with these, my love with those —
The bursting tears my heart declare,
Farewell the bonny banks of *Ayr*.

MY WIFE'S A WINSOME WEE THING.

(Written for Mr. Thomson. See page 87.)

I.

She is a winsome wee thing,
She is a handsome wee thing,
She is a bonny wee thing, —
This sweet wee wife o' mine.

II.

I never saw a fairer,
I never lo'ed a dearer;
And niest my heart I'll wear her, next
For fear my jewel tine. lose, be lost

III.

She is a winsome wee thing,
She is a handsome wee thing,
She is a bonny wee thing, —
This sweet wee wife o' mine.

IV.

The warld's wrack we share o't;
The wrastle and the care o't;
Wi' her I'll blithely bear it,
And think my lot divine.

FOR A' THAT, AND A' THAT.

("The piece is not poetry, but will be allowed to be two or three pretty good prose thoughts inverted into rhyme."—BURNS, Jan. 1, 1795. See pp. 25, 85.)

Is there, for honest poverty
That hangs his head and a' that? — all
The coward-slave, we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
Our toils obscure, and a' that,
The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that. — gold

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hoddin gray, and a' that; — coarse wool
Gie fools their sticks, and knaves their wine;
A man's a man for a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show, and a' that;
The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie ca'd a lord, — forward fellow
Wha struts and stares and a' that;
Tho' hundreds worship at his word.
He's but a coof for a' that; — ninny, ass
For a' that, and a' that,
His riband, star, and a' that;
The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that:
But an honest man's aboon his might! above
Guid faith he mauna fa' that: } must not attempt
For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that,
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will, for a' that,
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree and a' that; pre-eminence
For a' that, and a' that,
It's comin yet for a' that,
That man to man, the warld o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that.

ON SEEING A WOUNDED HARE LIMP BY ME WHICH A FELLOW HAD JUST SHOT.

(The young man Thomson, who had shot the hare, said to Allan Cunningham, "Burns was in great wrath, and cursed me, and said little hindered him from throwing me into the Nith." See page 55.)

Inhuman man! curse on thy barb'rous art,
And blasted be thy murder-aiming eye!
May never pity soothe thee with a sigh,
Nor ever pleasure glad thy cruel heart.

Go live, poor wand'rer of the wood and field,
The bitter little that of life remains!
No more the thick'ning brakes and verdant plains
To thee shall home, or food, or pastime yield.

Seek, mangled wretch, some place of wonted rest,
No more of rest, but now thy dying bed!
The shelt'ring rushes whistling o'er thy head,
The cold earth with thy bloody bosom prest.

Oft as by winding Nith, I, musing, wait
The sober eve, or hail the cheerful dawn,
I'll miss thee sporting o'er the dewy lawn,
And curse the ruffian's aim, and mourn thy hapless fate!

A WINTER NIGHT.

("This poem is worth several homilies on Mercy, for it is the voice of Mercy herself."—CARLYLE. See page 57.)

When biting Boreas, fell and doure, keen; stern
Sharp shivers thro' the leafless bow'r;
When Phœbus gies a short-liv'd glow'r stare
Far south the lift, sky
Dim-dark'ning through the flaky show'r,
Or whirling drift;

Ae night the storm the steeples rocked,
Poor labor sweet in sleep was locked,
While burns, wi' snawy wreeths up-choked,
Wild-eddying swirl,
Or through the mining outlet bocked, gushed, vomited
Down headlong hurl.

List'ning the doors and winnocks rattle, windows
I thought me on the ourie cattle, shivering
Or silly sheep, wha bide this brattle helpless; pelting
O' winter war,
And through the drift, deep-lairing sprattle scramble
Beneath a scar. cliff, precipice

Ilk happing bird, wee helpless thing, each hopping
That, in the merry months o' spring,
Delighted me to hear thee sing,
What comes o' thee?
Where wilt thou cower thy chittering wing,
And close thy e'e?

Ev'n you on murd'ring errands toil'd,
Lone from your savage homes exiled,
The blood-stained roost, and sheep-cote spoiled,
My heart forgets,
While pitiless the tempest wild
Sore on you beats.

Now Phœbe in her midnight reign,
Dark muffled, viewed the dreary plain;
Still crowding thoughts, a pensive train,
Rose in my soul,
When on my ear this plaintive strain
Slow, solemn, stole:—

"Blow, blow,* ye winds, with heavier gust!
And freeze, thou bitter-biting frost;
Descend, ye chilly, smothering snows!
Not all your rage, as now united, shows
More hard unkindness, unrelenting,
Vengeful malice unrepenting,
Than heaven-illumined man on brother man bestows!

"See stern Oppression's iron grip,
Or mad Ambition's gory hand,
Sending, like blood-hounds from the slip,
Woe, Want, and Murder o'er a land!
Even in the peaceful rural vale,
Truth, weeping, tells the mournful tale,
How pamper'd Luxury, Flattery by her side,
The parasite empoisoning her ear,
With all the servile wretches in the rear,
Looks o'er proud Property, extended wide;
And eyes the simple rustic hind,
Whose toil upholds the glittering show—
A creature of another kind,
Some coarser substance, unrefin'd—
Placed for her lordly use thus far, thus vile, below.

* See song in *As You Like it.*

"Where, where is Love's fond, tender throe
With lordly Honor's lofty brow,
The powers you proudly own?
Is there beneath Love's noble name,
Can harbor, dark, the selfish aim,
To bless himself alone!
Mark maiden innocence a prey
To love-pretending snares,
This boasted Honor turns away,
Shunning soft Pity's rising sway,
Regardless of the tears and unavailing prayers;
Perhaps this hour, in Misery's squalid nest,
She strains your infant to her joyless breast,
And with a mother's fears shrinks at the rocking
blast!

"Oh ye! who sunk in beds of down,
Feel not a want but what yourselves create,
Think for a moment, on his wretched fate,
Whom friends and fortune quite disown!
Ill satisfied keen nature's clamorous call,
Stretched on his straw he lays himself to sleep,
While through the ragged roof and chinky wall,
Chill o'er his slumbers piles the drifty heap!
Think on the dungeon's grim confine,
Where Guilt and poor Misfortune pine!
Guilt, erring man, relenting view!
But shall thy legal rage pursue
The wretch, already crushed low
By cruel Fortune's undeserved blow?
Affliction's sons are brothers in distress:
A brother to relieve, how exquisite the bliss!"

I heard nae mair, for Chanticleer
Shook off the pouthery snaw,
And hailed the morning with a cheer—
A cottage-rousing craw!

But deep this truth impressed my mind:
Through all His works abroad,
The heart benevolent and kind
The most resembles God.

HIGHLAND MARY.*

(See pp. 70, 169.)

I.

Ye banks, and braes, and streams around
The castle of Montgomery,
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie! muddy
There simmer first unfald her robes, simmer; unfold
And there the langest tarry:
For there I took the last fareweel
O' my sweet Highland Mary.

II.

How sweetly bloomed the gay green birk,
How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
As underneath the fragrant shade
I clasped her to my bosom!
The golden hours on angel wings,
Flew o'er me and my dearie:
For dear to me as light and life,
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

* Mary Campbell lived in Greenock. Burns became acquainted with her while on service at the castle of Montgomery. At parting, they plighted their faith by the exchange of Bibles, and lifting water in their hands from a running brook, they vowed love while woods grew and waters ran. They never met again. She was carried off by a fever. Burns's first intimation of her death was when he visited her friends to meet her on her return from Cowal, whither she had gone to prepare for marriage. The Bible Burns gave her, with his autograph in it, and a long, bright lock of her hair, were in the keeping of her relatives a few years ago. This song was written for Mr. Thomson's book.

III.

Wi' mony a vow, and locked embrace,
Our parting was fu' tender;
And, pledging aft to meet again,
We tore oursels asunder;
But oh! fell death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae early!
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary!

IV.

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips,
I aft hae kissed sae fondly!
And closed for aye the sparkling glance,
That dwelt on me sae kindly!
And moldering now in silent dust,
The heart that lo'ed me dearly!
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary.

AE FOND KISS.

("These exquisitely affecting stanzas contain the essence of a thousand love-tales." — WALTER SCOTT. See page 70.)

I.

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever;
Ae farewell, and then forever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.
Who shall say that fortune grieves him
While the star of hope she leaves him?
Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me;
Dark despair around benights me.

II.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
Naething could resist my Nancy;
But to see her was to love her;
Love but her, and love forever. —
Had we never lov'd sae kindly,
Had we never lov'd sae blindly,
Never met — or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken hearted.

III.

Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest!
Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest!
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure!
Ae fond kiss, and then we sever;
Ae farewell, alas! forever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee!

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